road—himself (Irish), one Englishman, one Scotchman, a Chinese, two Indians, one American, and a Mexican lad, who worked best of any. It was made in five months, and for seven years he took toll, and then sold it to the State for 2500 dollars. His little inn is beautifully clean, and our lunch there excellent. We should have liked to spend a week there, and make excursions into the forest, though that might not have been safe, for there are bears. His boys saw one a few days before our visit not far from the house. The view from the verandah is marvellous—across the valley to the Nevada and Vernal Falls, the Cap of Liberty, the Half Dome, Cloud's Rest, and, far away in the distance, Mount Lyall, where Mr. Macauly said there was a "living glacier." Glacier Point is so called only because from it a glimpse can be had of this glacier far away. A short distance from the inn is a rock jutting out about twenty feet beyond anything else over the valley, just a bar of rock, as if one had put a plank out over the straight, unbroken drop of three thousand five hundred feet. To my horror I found my husband standing on this stone enjoying the view. He had to come off at once, it was too dreadful, but there were nooks and crannies in the rocks where one could wedge one's self and peer over. At one point the rock is flat, and Macauly has put a strong railing. From here we looked straight down on to the hotel, and shouted, as is usual, until some one down below answered our greeting.

After two hours' rest we mounted our ponies and started for the Nevada and Vernal Falls. By-and-by

the track was so steep and rough we preferred trusting our own feet, so got off and walked some way, then up and on again, no longer on a handsome road like Mr. Macauly's, but on just a natural path, very queer at times, round the mountain side down to the valley, where we crossed the bridge over the Illilouette River, passing the lovely Illilouette Falls, then up a tremendous pull to the top of the Nevada Falls, where we got off the ponies, and walked on to the very rock the water falls over. The guide advised our walking down the tiny cañon to the foot of the falls, as the path was so steep and rough. Part of the road before reaching the Nevada Falls is very impressive. On one side, for about thirty yards, there is a steep slope, then it ends. From the track one simply sees that there must be a terrible precipice at that point, and that if one's pony slipped and rolled down the bank, there would be nothing to stop it. From below one sees that it is the edge of an extraordinary amphitheatre of rock, almost perpendicular. Snow's Hotel, at the foot of the Nevada Falls, was closed, so we missed our tea. We scrambled close to the foot of the Nevada Falls, and over the rocks to the very edge of the Vernal Falls, that is, as near as nerves permitted; mine kept me further off than Edward ventured, but still I got to where I could look straight down where the water plunges about four hundred feet without a break. There is a natural barricade of rocks close to the falls. The water washes one's feet within a yard of its plunge. There is no practicable path to the foot of the Vernal Falls. A long way off we climbed

over rocks into the bed of the river to get a glimpse of them from below. On leaving the top of the falls we had to ascend a long way to get round a difficult point, then a steep descent, which gradually became easy, until we reached the valley, and indulged in a "lope" (canter) on the flat to the hotel. Our guide was pleasant and obliging; he was the brother of the manager of the stables. It was a glorious day. Those who have time should take two days, spending the night at Glacier Point; indeed, those who have time should spend the summer here.

Saturday, October 13th.—Up at 4.30. Started at 6.10 back to Wawona. We were very sorry to leave the valley so soon, for, though we had seen almost everything, still we should have liked to see everything again, and spend more time at the best points. Not only is the valley wonderfully beautiful, but it is different from any other. The mountains surrounding it are huge piles of bare granite, with precipitous sides and curious shapes, while the valley itself is full of fine trees, with a peaceful, clear river winding through it, reflecting the wonderful rocks above. Then, too, we could gladly have spent hours climbing round the Nevada and Vernal Falls, and many other charming bits. We hurried back to Wawona, because the afternoon is devoted to visiting the big trees of Mariposa. It was very sad to say farewell to the valley at Inspiration Point. There one sees the whole glorious scene at once; a few turns of the wheels and it is gone for ever, not the tiniest glimpse to be had anywhere.

After lunch at Wawona, Toby got a little trap,

as there was only one other visitor, a German gentleman, to take us to the Mariposa Big Trees. It was a very beautiful forest drive. We went past magnificent pines and cedars, but they were nothing compared to the *Sequoia gigantea*, the highest of which reaches two hundred and seventy-two feet. It is odd that there is no English name for them. We left the carriage and stood at the foot of the Grizzly Giant, and felt like ants creeping round him. Our heads did not reach beyond his roots. Another tree has a doorway cut through the middle, twelve feet by twelve feet, for the coach to drive through, and still the tree lives. The biggest trees are named, many after Presidents of the United States. "Andy Johnson" has fallen, and people walk through the hollow trunk without stooping. The German bought two little trees to take home, and somebody said the Earl of Devon had one on his estate in England that had grown sixty feet in twenty-five years. Toby told us the Mariposa trees were four thousand years old, and I read in an American guide-book that they "were present at the birth of our Lord." I did not see any reason given for their subsequently leaving Nazareth to settle here. We bought a little pin-cushion of the bark, which is said to be as good as emery paper for needles.

Sunday, October 14th.—Started at eight o'clock for Raymond—a charming drive. Tommy Gordon, the driver, was musically inclined to-day, and favoured us with many songs, one very sentimental, about "marble halls, where my love sits and drinks his wine and thinks of me;" but that soon wearied him, and he went off to

a very long comic song about "Jim Jones." I could only catch one verse of it:—

> Then he went to Jersey City,
> And lived altogether on clams and cheese,
> He put all his money in his mother-in-law's pocket,
> And took out a patent for raising fleas.

After dining at Raymond, we got on board the Pulman sleeper, and were taken to Berenda, where we had to wait until 4 a.m. for the Southern Pacific train, which landed us at San Francisco at noon. After looking for letters and finding none, and securing berths on the s.s. *Santa Rosa* for San Diego on the 19th, we went off at once to Monterey to the delightful Hotel del Monte. It was a weary journey of nearly four hours without Pulman car, but the scenery was very pretty, such orchards and vineyards, pretty towns and villages, trees and flowers, and beautiful hills on each side in the distance. We arrived very tired, and indulged in tea in our own room, which we much enjoyed. We were sorry to leave our Boston fellow-travellers, whom we rejoined at Wawona, at 'Frisco. The gentleman was originally a miner, and his wife wore a brooch containing the first nugget he had found. He was going to Sacramento to see an old comrade, still living in the cabin they once shared. Mr. C—— was a very quiet man, but he told us some interesting tales of Californian life when he was amongst the gold-diggers. It must have been a fearful time—no law, no protection for life or property. One man might shoot another, and nobody would interfere—

it was nobody's business; only when matters got too serious they would organize a vigilance committee, arrest the murderers, and hang them. A plank out of an upper-storey window, or the projecting branch of a tree, sufficed as gallows. One of his experiences shows how reckless men can become. A ruffian strolled into town one day, maddened with drink, and telling every one he met that, having already killed eleven men, he meant that day to kill a twelfth, "so that he might have a jury to sit on him in hell;" he did not care who it was, but he meant to kill somebody. First he went up to a man he knew, who was sitting with his dog between his knees, and shot the dog dead with his revolver, but this man had presence of mind to keep quiet, for if he had spoken, or moved to get his pistol, the wretch would have shot him at once. After vainly endeavouring to pick a quarrel with anybody who knew him, he went to a drinking-saloon, where he found a stranger, just come into the town. Now Bret Harte would have made a prettier ending to this tale, but Mr. C—— was not a man to romance, and so it became still more ugly. All the men of the town, seeing his state, and knowing him, slipped quietly away without a word of warning to the stranger. The murderer went to him and stood him a drink, and, as the poor fellow raised the glass to his lips, sprang upon him, knocked him down, stamped on him, and fired five times into him. After this, he thought it wise to retire into the country. Then the others came back, and put the corpse on a cart and drove it round the town to work up the feelings of the community, and

a band was organized to go after the murderer and bring him back. After a long search they found him, and fired at him, but he got away, though wounded, and they followed on. At last they found his horse, covered with blood, and then they found him, badly hurt, tied him securely, brought him back, and the townspeople met them outside the town, drove the waggon containing the wounded, fettered wretch under a tree, strung him up to one of the boughs, and drove the waggon away, and so he was hung. There is a want of the heroic about this story!

Tuesday, October 16th.—Rather misty, but the air pleasant. It seems the almost constant mist from the sea is considered one of the charms of Monterey by the visitors from the blazing inland States. We were glad to have a quiet day, roaming on the beach and in the pretty grounds of the hotel, which cover one hundred and ninety acres, and contain a maze like Hampton Court, tennis and croquet courts, swings, &c. There is a large sea-bathing establishment on the beach. The hotel is very comfortable, the great feature being the winding ascending passages instead of staircases. Our bedroom, with bathroom attached, and very good simple board, was only seven dollars a day for both of us. Next day was brighter, so we took the seventeen miles' drive in a little carriage and pair, six dollars. They appeared to be very short miles. This drive, which is remarkably pretty, is almost entirely over the Hotel Company's property. It goes past the old barracks and the Chinese fishing-village to the seaside, which it

follows a long way, until it reaches the famous cypress grove, which is said to share with the cedars of Lebanon and some grove in Japan the distinction of being the oldest trees alive. Now, as Toby said the Mariposa trees were four thousand years old, how old must these be? They certainly have the appearance of great age; many are dead, many dying, and the Spanish moss disfigures them badly, and must exhaust them. It grows on every branch. Still, they are very picturesque. We saw plenty of sea-lions, and numbers of coot, wild geese, and very odd-looking birds with long thin bills, flying close past our heads in long, single-file processions. First our driver said they were albatross, and then he said they were pelican. We scrambled over the rocks to look into the pools on the beach at the large mussels and the crabs, and there we found the most magnificent sea-anemones, fully a foot across when open, and of the most brilliant light green. The abellona is plentiful here, but lives in deep water. Every child in England owns an abellona shell I should say, though it does not know the name. We found a little Chinese fishing-village where they were sold, and we bought one, so fresh that part of the fish was still sticking to the shell. Johnny eats them, but no one else does, though they ought to be as good as scallops. It is said if the fish dies a natural death the brilliant colours in the shell fade. We lunched at the Pebble Beach on provisions we had taken with us, our coachman sharing the meal, and telling us of the long drives he had taken English people several times. It was very tempting to hear of the

scenery on the road between Monterey, *viâ* the Yosemite Valley, and Virginia City, but of course the season was too late for us to do it. Further on is a beach of white sand, which was being carted away for glass manufacture. After leaving the lovely coast, we drove through woods alive with quail, and, finally, got on to the high road, which was very rough and dusty. We looked at the Roman Catholic Church, built in 1794 of bricks plastered over and coloured yellow, the court-yard paved with whales' bones, formerly very common here, but now becoming scarce, as the whales have been killed off. I fancy our drive ought to have included the old Mission, of which we saw a photograph afterwards at Taber's shop in San Francisco. The driver told us this church, close to the hotel grounds, was the old Mission, and we then knew no better. At the beginning of the wood there is a colony of tiny wooden houses, not half the size of the smallest Arcachon villas, and frames for tents, which are covered in the season with gay-coloured calico, and let, like the tiny houses, to visitors who take their meals at a second-class hotel in the middle of the colony, all belonging to the Del Monte Company, so that, when the great hotel has its full complement of eight hundred guests, and the second-class hotel, which is also large, is full, and all the villas and tents are taken, the shareholders must make money.

Thursday, October 18th.—Rose early, and took the 6.20 train to Menlo Park, where we got a trap to drive to Senator Stanford's horse-breeding establishment at Palo Alto, where he has over 1000 horses. We passed

the University he is building, and the grand tomb he is erecting for himself, his wife, and only son, who died a short time ago, and we drove past the house, with a smart garden, and, coming close up to it, like a park meadow in England, a large vineyard. The horse-breeding establishment is in two divisions; one for runners, which looked like a nice lot of hunters, the other for the great American speciality in horse-flesh—trotters. Senator Stanford is supposed to have the finest, and wins all the races. Occasionally he sells some at enormous prices, but the groom who showed us round remarked with delightful frankness, "He never sells any he thinks he can get any good out of." Of course, his standard is very high.

The stables were of the most primitive description, just wooden sheds, whitewashed, and guiltless of fittings, except a few pegs on which the clothing was hung and a few medicine bottles stuck in a corner; none of the trimness and neatness that make English stables so pleasant. The horse's food is brought in a bucket at meal-times; this struck me as being a very good arrangement. Some of the horses were beauties, but very different from anything over here. Electioneer, the original stud horse, now sixteen years old, would be far too heavy for a brougham, but he was a great prize-winner in his day. In some cases a little blood has been introduced and the colts are very handsome. There is a mile race-course for exercising the trotters, who are put into the most comical, tiny, two-wheel traps. The driver has a seat about the size of a postage-stamp, and puts his legs

along the shafts. He looks as if he were hanging on to the horse's tail. Unfortunately we never saw a trotting match, but the pace even of these horses exercising was remarkably fast, and the action very fine.

We drove back to the station past a number of buckeye trees. As I had often heard and read of buckeyes, after which the State of Ohio is nicknamed, I got some to bring home. They seem to be a kind of horse-chestnut. On reaching San Francisco we went off to Taber for photographs of what we had seen, and then to the curiosity-shop opposite the hotel, where we got a bowl of Indian wicker-work which holds water, and an old tobacco pouch of the same. These things are becoming scarce, because the Indians can make more by working as ordinary labourers. The dealer told us with pride that he was born and brought up in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square!

Friday, October 19th.—At 9 a.m. we went on board the steam-ship *Santa Rosa*. As Edward had been given a pass, and introduced to Captain Ingall by the managing partner, we were allowed to take our trunk into our cabin, which was roomy and comfortable, and were invited to dine at the captain's end of the table. The *Santa Rosa* is very well managed and prettily decorated. Unfortunately, the fog concealed the coast, and the day would have been dreary had we not made the acquaintance of a cheery, blue-eyed little English-woman, Mrs. Hermon, who came with her brother, Mr. Roberts, to California on account of her health ten years ago. San Francisco not suiting her, they settled

at San Diego, where she is always well. Mr. Roberts had the post of chief clerk on the railway, and having to go about a great deal on their work, became thoroughly acquainted with the country and started as land agent, doing very well for a time, but the worry and hard work of it, together with his regular occupation, proved too much for his health, and he died about six months before we met her, leaving her hands full, as there was no one else to take up the business, her husband, an architect and a more recent arrival in the country, not knowing anything about it. She has also the fruit ranche they had just started. I asked her many questions about South California and the prospects of Englishmen coming out there. She told me she and her brother had had a good deal to do with young fellows sent out from England. Some were quite unfit for the life, and they had sent them back; others they had started, advised, and looked after. Sometimes, she said, a young fellow would be sent out with 500*l.* in his pocket—too small a sum to be of any service—and then, if otherwise a likely lad, they would persuade him to return the money to his father and work for hire until he had saved something and gained experience of the climate, soil, and methods of cultivation, which are totally different from ours. She said it was best for a lad to bring 1000*l.* with him and buy an uncleared lot. While he is clearing and preparing the land, which he must do with his own hands as labour is too dear to be worth employing, he is gathering knowledge quite as well as if he were apprenticed to

some farmer, who would put him to do just the same work. If he buys a cleared lot, he is sure to pay much more than it is worth, and will begin without the necessary knowledge, which can only be gained on the spot. The lad should put up a decent little house to live in, as too rough and coarse a life has a demoralizing effect. She thinks that whenever possible a sister should be sent out with a lad, on equal terms as to profits, because she makes a home for him, and there is so much a woman can do on a ranche; for instance, preserving fruit when it is too cheap to sell. It seems to me a rough life for a girl, but she said there were many nice people settled there now, who had started reading and other societies. When the land is cleared and the olive and orange trees planted which will not bear for some years, vegetables and small fruit should be planted between them. These pay very well as there is a large demand for them; indeed, nothing can be sent away, because the local demand is so great. When the ranche is in working order, Mrs. Hermon considered it ought to pay five hundred pounds a year clear profit, besides keeping the owner, but over and over again she laid stress on the necessity for the farmer to do the work himself, not merely superintend, but labour with his hands. Not only do the Chinese get very high wages, but, as we heard from different sources afterwards, it is dangerous to employ them on account of the jealousy of the white men. In one case a farmer had had fifty acres of raisin grapes ruined by tramps and roughs because he employed Chinese labour. It is very im-

portant in California to keep well with the roughs, as there is no redress, and the law is delightfully uncertain.

Mrs. Hermon had seen great evil done by deceitful prospectuses. People come from England, Germany, Italy, &c., lured by their promises, and often staking their whole substance on the venture. In one case a circular was sent offering wonderfully fertile land at three dollars an acre; and when the poor wretches had broken up their homes and come over, the secretary of the company told them they certainly had had land at that price, but now they had nothing under seventy-five dollars an acre. Another company described their land as well supplied with water, whereas there was not a drop to be had until the settler made a deep well. The idea given by the advertisements was of a land where oranges and vines, and all manner of rich vegetation covered the ground, and all the farmer would have to do would be to prune and trim and gather the produce. This is not a true picture of South California. It is a desolate region, except where great labour and costly artificial irrigation have brought out the qualities of the soil. Labour can do nothing there without capital, and it is a question if such a life—mere manual labour at market-gardening—is well repaid by the very small measure of success that seems possible. Whenever we heard of people making money, it was not by ranching but by land speculations.

We had an amusing instance of the accuracy of a prospectus. A fellow-traveller tried to induce Edward to take shares in some company that owned "twelve

miles of orange groves." It was so printed on the prospectus, but on inquiry they dwindled to eight miles staked out for orange groves—not quite the same thing.

Santa Barbara was passed at 5 a.m. All day we had alternate fog and sunshine, with only occasional glimpses of the coast, as we were now further out. But this day we saw what we had never counted on meeting so far north—flying-fish in numbers, shining in the sun like herrings, and flying about as if disturbed by the ship. They really did fly, not jump; they turned first one way, then the other. One flew half round the ship. It gave us great pleasure, but it made us feel a desperately long way from home to see these outlandish creatures as common as minnows.

Just before coming to San Pedro we passed a large iron ship stranded on the rocks. It was an English ship, laden with coals, then worth eighteen to twenty dollars a ton, owing to the strike in New South Wales. The captain refused to take a pilot on board, because he had been the journey before and thought he knew his way, though this part is very difficult to navigate, not only on account of rocks, but of the dense masses of seaweed, which choke the screw and render the ship unmanageable. Of course he came to grief, and lost all his own fortune, which he had put in the venture, as well as the ship. San Pedro has no harbour: it is an open roadstead, and passengers go off and come aboard by a tender. This is the landing-place for Los Angeles.

San Diego has a very fine harbour, almost land-

locked, but with an entrance twenty-seven feet deep. We narrowly escaped running down a tug; even the captain lost his presence of mind to such an extent that he gave orders in plain English instead of nautical terms, telling the man at the wheel to steer "the other way." From this I judged the danger must have been great. It was evening, and very chilly when we arrived, so that the long journey to the Coronado Beach Hotel, always tiresome, was very unpleasant in the open hotel bus. The hotel is built round an inner court or garden 250 by 150 feet, and is supposed to accommodate 2000 guests in 630 bedrooms. This sounds like a puzzle, but I take it from a printed card. It has seventeen and a half acres of carpet, and the total cost of it was one million dollars. It was almost empty when we were there and very uncomfortable, the charges high. A curious feature in this district is the Bridal Chamber, rooms finer and smarter than the others, specially reserved for newly-married couples. There are bridal chambers on the s.s. *Santa Rosa* and others of the line, and at all the hotels. At the Coronado Beach Hotel, to quote their own words, "The two bridal chambers in suites are exquisite in their appointments of white and gold. It would be a species of literary sacrilege to try and enumerate their charms. In every particular they are the very acme of perfection." By the way, this gives a good idea of the usual style of American advertisements. Generally, people like to hide the fact that they are newly married; but here it is otherwise. Captain Ingalls told us of one happy

couple who had engaged the bridal cabin, and came on board in all their bridal finery, but immediately after leaving the harbour the Pacific Ocean proved too much for the bridegroom, and he fell flat on his face in the saloon, and remained there groaning and lamenting until they reached Santa Barbara.

We rested on Sunday, admiring the lovely bay and the brilliant colouring of sea, sky, the distant hills, and indeed everything, in the delicious sunshine. It is supposed that formerly a river ran out here, but somehow it disappeared, and the curious bay is the old mouth of the river, kept open by the sea, but gradually filling up. It is the only harbour in the States south of San Francisco, which is the finest in the world. North of San Francisco there is again no harbour south of Puget Sound. It is said that large vessels can go about seven miles up the San Diego bay, where they are absolutely protected from the ocean by the long narrow tongue of land which stretches from the southern extremity of the bay, due north to the entrance, which is at the north end.

It is this narrow strip of land which widens at the northern end and the so-called North Island, which is practically one with it, that the Coronado Beach Company bought and cut up into building plots. The wonderful hotel was the decoy to bring speculators and settlers, and in that capacity it is a great success, much of the land being already sold and many good houses, as well as a multitude of small ones, already built. Even the chambermaid in the hotel had invested

her savings in a villa. The hotel itself is unprofitable, and there were rumours it was bankrupt. There had been an idea that Southern California would rival Florida as a winter resort, and so immense hotels have been built everywhere, but even yellow fever cannot drive people from Florida, and there are very few attractions in California. There are no roads for driving or preparations of any kind for tourists. People are said to drive on the beach in the season, but whenever we went on it, it was too soft even for walking. There are some moderately good shops, in one a tempting display of curiosities, but as they were mostly Mexican silver work and such things, we did not buy much. Still we found a few things we wanted. The sunsets over the ocean are very fine. There are some rocky islands outside the bay which stand out beautifully against the sky.

Monday, October 22nd.—We spent the day with the Hermons, meeting them on the road to Sweetwater Dam in the morning. The drawback of Coronado Beach is the ferry. A car ride to the ferry, then waiting for the boat, crossing, and then another car ride to the main streets of the town, are a bad beginning and finish to a day's excursion, as it means half an hour at each end of the day. We had to walk about a quarter of a mile to catch another car, which took us all the way to Sweetwater Dam and left us there, to see what we could, while it went some way further and returned to pick us up. We only had about half an hour, but it was enough to see the Dam which is a very important work, an

immense wall built across the Sweetwater Valley to collect the great body of water that comes down the river in spring, and retain it for irrigation all through the year. The company who made the Dam own the land it is meant to irrigate, which they sell off in five-acre lots for building, and large pipes convey the water along the main roads, and any one may attach pipes for his own property and use as much water as he wishes for house, garden, stables, &c., for a rent of two and a half dollars per acre. The soil is wonderfully fertile when irrigated, and very little of the five-acre plots was wasted in flowers ; they are all planted with orange and olive trees. Mrs. Hermon had a ten-acre plot, a special favour, as the wish of the company is to make this the great residential district, so they discourage market-gardening. It is called Chula Vista, and commands lovely views both towards sea and land. Every house built there must cost at least two thousand dollars. Mrs. Hermon showed us how she had planted her ten acres with orange and olive trees, and, for present profit, one thousand strawberry plants, which would yield fruit in December, although only planted in October. The planting being now finished, she meant to discharge the Chinese labourer, who had received forty dollars a month. An American, aged twenty, who did outside work and drove the carriage, received thirty dollars a month, with board and lodging. Mrs. Hermon spoke well of the Chinese, and said they are good, steady workers, but slow. The American can do more and better work in the time if he will, but Johnny has this

great superiority, that he requires no watching. He will work all the time as if his master's eye were on him. There was some very fine fruit for dessert—a bunch of grapes weighing three and a half pounds, and splendid apples and pears, but the greatest treasure they had found for me was a live tarantula. They had put it in a bottle, and wanted me to bring it home, but really it was too loathsome.

These spider monsters are found, like the centipedes and scorpions, in turning over new ground; they are all venomous and, it is said, a tarantula bite kills, but Mrs. Hermon's man said he had never heard of any one being injured by either tarantula or centipede, though they are fairly common.

Mrs. Hermon's was quite a large house, and I am sure no English servant would have gone there as maid of all work, but her girl, certainly rather rough-looking, cooked the lunch very nicely and brought it in and changed plates, &c. We noticed everywhere that though wages are high in the States, the work is very hard, and servants are not looked upon as members of the household but as machines. A servant undertakes to do certain work and if she is ill, she is just turned out to make room for a machine in better working order. Of course the servants show just as little regard for their employers. Mrs. Hermon is trying English treatment. After lunch Mrs. Hermon drove us to see several fruit ranches where oranges, guavas, lemons, limes, pomegranates, the third crop of figs, and many other fruits were growing in wonderful profusion. The per-

simmon, a Japanese fruit, is the most beautiful tree, the fruit is a brilliant red. The Forbidden Fruit looks very handsome, but does not ripen so far north. Of course vines are luxuriant, but they do not pay to grow now, though the grapes are fine muscat and quite large.

We visited an old lady, Mrs. Kimball, who gave us grapes off vines that had not been irrigated since they were first planted, six years ago. Kimball is the great name at San Diego. Many years ago the three brothers Kimball bought an immense tract of land, ten leagues, from a Mexican to whom it had been granted by the Mexican Government before the Americans stole half their country. They paid 30,000 dollars for it, of course quite wild and bare. For years they struggled on, often having to borrow money to pay the taxes, which are levied there on all land, whether cultivated or not. At last they persuaded the California Southern Railroad to come to San Diego, by giving them 40,000 acres and every second block. A block in America is now taken as a term of measurement an eighth of a mile long.

Now the Kimballs are millionaires, but remain very simple people. This Mrs. Millionaire was hoeing her vineyard in a little cotton dress with the sleeves rolled up, but no doubt Miss Millionaire shines in silk and diamonds, and has her eye on the British peerage. It is to be hoped she will not fall a prey to some adventurer like the individual who called himself Sir George Bridges, Bart., and got engaged lately to the prettiest

heiress in San Francisco. Luckily he was discovered, before it was too late, to be an American forger who had played the same trick in several towns and been married more than once.

Another ranche we visited was the property of a charming old lady of eighty-four, who came there some years back for her son's health. He died, and now she lives there without kith or kin, or even an old friend near her, and still she seems quite happy.

A visit to Mr. Kimball's olive-mill closed the day. Olive oil making is the rising industry in California, and pays very well, but it requires capital, as the trees have to be planted and do not bear for some years, and the mill and machinery take money. There is no quantity of olives now raised to supply a large mill, but everybody is planting them. Mr. Elwood Cooper has a large olive ranche and mills near Santa Barbara, and the year before last he sold all he made at twenty-five dollars a barrel to go east, and last year at fifteen dollars a barrel. The mill we visited was not even a one horse, it was a one man affair. The process is simple. The olives are crushed stones and all, under a vertical stone roller, then they are put in a tub with holes over a vat, and are very slowly pressed to force out the oil, which is strained, filtered, and bottled, and sold at a dollar a pint. The mast is then put back under the roller, water added, and the same process repeated for second quality oil. The olive-tree growing in California was originally introduced by the Spanish priests, and is called the mission olive.

Mrs. Hermon left us at the car station, and on arriving at the hotel we found that, although she had driven us about all the afternoon, we had spent a dollar and a half in car fares. There is a car line to the Mexican frontier, but as there is nothing to see except the boundary-stone, we did not make the excursion, but devoted ourselves to the immediate neighbourhood. San Diego expects to eventually occupy an area four miles by eighteen miles, without Chula Vista, and National City, and the whole of this is already divided into town lots, twenty-five feet by one hundred and twenty feet, at prices varying from eighty-five to five hundred dollars a lot. This information was given us by the estate agent, living like a hermit at the top of University Heights. We had come up by car, and seeing fellow-creatures, he had emerged from his office to take advantage of such an unusual occurrence. As we laughed at the idea, he waved his hand proudly to draw our attention to the four houses in view, one of them his own office. "All these," said he, "were built since last May." They were miles apart. The long tram-lines are built, like the large hotels, not for profit in themselves, but to induce people to buy lots and build.

Another car journey took us all along the narrow strip called Coronado Beach, and round the south end of the Bay to the town, in about an hour, with, of course, several changes of car. The sandy waste was marked off into building-plots all the way, some streets already graded, and a few trees planted. In some places the beach is only about thirty yards wide and just above sea-level. It looks as if the waves would go right over

it in rough weather. Quite at the south end of the bay there is marshy land, which affords some shooting.

Thursday, October 25th.—We left San Diego at 9 a.m. by the California Southern Railroad, and had a pretty run to East Riverside through the Temecula Cañon, passing every now and then towns, with graded streets, and trees planted, and everything but houses. They look very comical, but the pity of it is, that it stops ordinary cultivation. If one building-plot is sold, the rest cannot be reconverted into agricultural land. After changing cars, a run of twenty minutes took us to Riverside, the show place of California. As we were trying to arrange about a carriage to take us round, a gentleman joined us whom we had met before, and who owned a good deal of property in this district, and insisted on acting as showman and standing treat with the carriage. It was a great advantage to have him with us, as he told us all about the great Riverside Irrigation and Land Owning Company, and took care that we saw all the best parts. We drove over wide roads decorated with aloe and palm trees, past gentlemen's houses, each with its orange ranche, to the Magnolia Avenue. The magnolias were planted, but died with one consent, and I do not think they would have been more beautiful than the pepper-trees and gum-trees. There is also a cyprus avenue, handsome but gloomy.

We were struck with the great neatness and care required by the orange-trees—not a weed was to be seen. The soil must be kept broken, so that the sun and air can reach the roots, and they must be irrigated three times a year. The orange becomes profitable when six

years old, improves until it is sixteen, and continues in its prime for many years, being a very long-lived vegetable. At sixteen and after it is said to bring in a profit of 80*l.* sterling per acre. We saw some olive plantations and quantities of grapes drying in the sun on trays for raisins; it is the sun that turns the white muscat to purple. Seventy-thousand boxes of raisins were exported from Riverside last year. We saw the sorting and packing establishments in the town, but did not admire them. It was all handwork, and the fruit was too much fingered. Chinese were packing raisins in boxes, which were also made on the premises. A man told us he nailed together 600 boxes a day, and as he put all the nails he used into his mouth, and there are ten nails in each box, we calculated that he must take daily a good dose of iron, and we suggested an addition of a little quinine. There are two crops of grapes a year, but they are not very profitable.

An Englishman called Gage, formerly a little jeweller, started a store here a short time ago, and, after looking about him, devised a new system of irrigation, and has opened up another large tract of land, and so he is rapidly becoming a millionaire.

Riverside is a teetotal settlement; wine is not allowed even in the big hotel. They were building more schools. The first thing done when a new settlement is really started is to put up a big schoolhouse.

We came on to San Bernardino at 5.30 p.m, arriving at six, and put up at the new Hotel Stewart, which was good though not finished. San Bernardino is a very pretty little place, and appeared prosperous. We spent

a morning rambling about and eating the delicious grapes of the vineyards that surround it, and in the afternoon started for Los Angeles, just the same kind of place, only larger, and with much the same pretty background of mountains. It is a monotonous country. We passed a number of big hotels on the way, apparently all guiltless of occupants, and the whole valley was laid out in lots to suit purchasers. Much of the land was already under cultivation.

As the large Raymond Hotel at Pasadena, the fashionable suburb of Los Angeles, was still closed, we put up at the Westminster Hotel, only opened a few months but quite comfortable. Everybody was talking about "Minister" West's foolish letter, and they looked upon the dishonourable means employed to obtain it as most praiseworthy; so "smart." The *Los Angeles Times* crowed about it much as our *Daily News* did of having secured some valuable piece of war news before any other newspaper had got it. The *Times* drew a most interesting distinction between "private" and "confidential." The letter to Mr. Sackville West promised that whatever answer he sent should be kept "private," and Mr. West marked his letters "private," and so "Mr. Murchison" (as the correspondent called himself) was at liberty to publish it; but had the word "confidential" been used, the *Times* would have considered it most dishonourable to have shown it to any one. The local Republican leaders were all delighted. I quote from the *Los Angeles Times*: Major Bonebrake "thinks it will have a good deal of influence in the result" of the election. Colonel Ban-

bury said, "the richest thing you have struck;" while General Brierly remarked, "It's knocking the Democrats silly all along the line."

America is a wonderfully military country, one hardly ever meets a plain Mr. Probably not one of the three gentlemen interviewed by the *Times* had the slightest connection with the army. We had travelled with a San Francisco gentleman for some days, and had heard him addressed as "General," and saw his arrival at San Bernardino announced as that of "General," so I inquired why he was called General, as he was an insurance agent, and had never been in the army. The answer was, he was called so "by courtesy." The newest fashion is to call yourself or your friends "Judge." Probably military titles are becoming too common.

Two other quotations from the *Los Angeles Times* are rather good—"The *Pall Mall Gazette's exposé* of London immorality, the *Deutsche Rundschau's* publication of the late German Emperor's diary, and the *Los Angeles Times* Sackville West correspondence are the three great journalistic sensations of the present decade."

The other is remarkable for elegance of language:—"Thurman rose up on end yesterday in Ohio, and fairly snorted over the enterprise of the Pomona statesmen in springing upon an unsuspecting public the most beautiful sensation of the campaign."

Western American newspapers are very uninteresting. Often two pages will be devoted to a chronicle of the entertainments given by Mesdames Brown, Jones and

Robinson, the guests and their gowns; and long accounts of friendly societies' picnics. Another page will be taken by the *feuilleton* like a French paper, while less than half a page suffices for all European news. Baseball occupies a good deal of room, and there are curious announcements that such a town has "sold" an eminent player to another town. Often the articles are written in slang that is quite incomprehensible to foreigners, or, what is almost as bad, ordinary words used to convey new meanings, as for instance, in the following sentence from the *St. Louis Daily Globe Democrat*:—"As this country (America) is unexampled there is nothing to compare with it." The oddest newspaper we saw was presented to us by a fellow-traveller, who owned and edited it. It was about the size of the *Saturday Review*, was published weekly, and had but one subject—the wickedness of singing hymns when God had specially provided psalms for the purpose. All the crimes and misfortunes of humanity were attributed to our neglect of the Psalms.

We spent a day exploring Los Angeles, which appeared to be very prosperous and growing rapidly. The residential quarters are exceedingly pretty, each house having a garden planted with orange-trees, aloes, &c., and coming down to the edge of the road, from which it is separated only by a small curbstone, except in some streets where a stream of water about eighteen inches broad, flows between the pavement and the gardens. We noticed that the Los Angeles ladies are very pretty.

Sunday, October 28th.—We had engaged a trap to take us the grand round, and had been promised a spirited team and a driver who knew the country well and would point out everything. We got a driver who did not even know the way; and of our spirited team, one was broken-winded and very lame and the other could hardly keep on its legs. We started at 8.30, and drove first to Pasadena and up the hill occupied by the Raymond Hotel, to see the view from the terrace. The worst of this country is that there is only one view, the same at San Bernardino, Pasadena, and Los Angeles. From there, after much trouble to find the right road, we went to the Sierra Madre Villa, pleasantly situated on the slope of the mountain, with a good view and a garden. We had to wait here an hour for the horses to rest. As we drove away down the hill from the villa, one of them fell and nearly upset the trap. By-and-by we pulled up under a tree and ate our lunch of salt meat sandwiches, crackers, hard boiled eggs, and grapes. The fare never varies, and the driver always expects to share. This man was dull and uninteresting, in fact, he was half asleep. He told us he had to be up every morning at four o'clock to look after his horses, to drive all day, and to drive the 'bus to the train at night, not getting to bed until eleven o'clock. He got sixty dollars a month and a room. We generally found that wages were higher than with us, but the work much harder. One man does two men's work, and gets a man and a half's wages.

After losing our way several times, we reached

"Lucky" Baldwin's ranche, where there was nothing to see except some tumble-down sheds for stables, and a few fair horses. The whole place neglected and desolate looking. I could not learn that there was any special reason for Mr. Baldwin's nickname, except that he had made money, which is not uncommon in California.

From there we went to the San Gabriel Mission, stopping on our way at the charming San Gabriel Hotel to enjoy a lemon squash. The great feature of this hotel is that there is no bar, or drinking-place, an immense advantage for quiet people. This hotel also belongs to a company which owns an enormous tract of land, and hopes in time to build a town round it.

There was not much to see at the Mission. It is an old church built of brick and plastered, with a nice old-fashioned bell-tower. We looked inside and found a priest catechising some small folk in Spanish, which is still spoken by the old inhabitants.

Again we lost our way and found ourselves close to a large winery. The country roads are all loose soft sand, and are mended by putting down straw, which mixes with the sand and binds it together. The winery had used the grape stalks for the purpose. At last we hit upon a main road and reached the hotel about five o'clock. We should have liked to know if the driver received the extra dollar charged for the carriage because it was Sunday.

Tuesday, October 30th.—We left Los Angeles by the 9.40 a.m. train to San Pedro, and then went on

board the tug which takes goods and passengers to the steamer. We waited one and a half hours for her some way out in the bay, but happily the sea was perfectly smooth. The sun went in about two o'clock, and after that it was very cold and dreary. Next day there was a strong ground-swell, which was too much for everybody on board. It was still very cold, but clear, so that we could see the beautiful coast, and when we arrived at San Francisco about 6.20 p.m., and passed through the Golden Gate, the scene was lovely. The city and the forts were brilliantly lighted up, the sunset had turned the sky to gold, and looking back, when we had passed through the Gate, we saw it as it gained its name —a fort on each side, and, through the opening, the glory of the sunset. It was one of the grandest sights in America.

The boat was about four hours late, so the baggage was not given out, though we landed before seven o'clock. The walk over the landing-stage was horrid, the hotel touters screaming and rushing at and over us like mad bulls, and hardly any lights, so that we all tumbled into holes and over dust heaps and planks.

We spent two more days in San Francisco, and had the pleasure of seeing the great Democratic demonstration. Some friends invited us to their corner room, from which we could see the procession come up Market Street and turn along Montgomery Street. We watched it for two and a half hours, and then retired, as it seemed likely to go on for some time. The prettiest things were the stands erected along the streets with red fires.

We could not see very well, as we were so far off and the light was so bad.

We took the ferry to Oakland, and went by train and car to Piedmont, a very pretty drive up hill, with a nice view over the great harbour. There is a restaurant at Piedmont, frequented in summer by the San Franciscans.

During our stay in California, the great divorce state, I watched the accounts of the divorce trials with much interest. They seemed to me to be very serious affairs. Only in one case was divorce granted for causes that would not have procured at least judicial separation in England. This exception was very remarkable. A white woman obtained a divorce on the sole ground that she had married, believing her husband to be a white man, and had discovered afterwards that he had black blood in him. The announcement was made in both the principal San Franciscan papers as an ordinary matter. Of course one hears tales of absurd divorces, but they may not be true. One *parvenu* millionaire, whose name is freely given, is said to have divorced his old wife, who had struggled through bad times with him, because he did not think her sufficiently elegant for his new position. This surely must be a joke, like the tale about the old negro who won 15,000 dollars in a lottery, so divorced his old wife and gave a white woman 3000 dollars to marry him; "For what," said he, "is wealth, without position in Society?"

It was on leaving San Francisco that we made the acquaintance of the American Ticket Brokers' Associa-

tion. The main object of all American railways seems to be to avoid making money. For this purpose all baggage traffic was put into the hands of Wells, Fargo and Co., and similar firms, who take charge of it and pay the railroad companies so much a ton, but charge the passengers so much a pound. This was completely satisfactory so far as it went, but did not dispose of the passengers; so the different railways combined to issue absurd return tickets, unlimited as to time, which give choice of return by any route, and are only a trifle more expensive than single tickets. It is the same with long journey tickets, which are sold at greatly reduced rates.

We ignorantly bought single tickets from Chicago to San Francisco for 97½ dollars each, when for 100 dollars we might have had return tickets, which we could have used as far as Denver, and then sold to the Ticket Brokers' Association. We met a gentleman who had done so. These tickets took the traveller from Chicago to Tacoma, over the Northern Pacific, and down to San Francisco by the Shasta route. He might return to Chicago either by Salt Lake City, Denver, and the centre of America, or go south by the Southern Pacific as far as El Paso on the Mexican frontier, and back by any route he liked. Our only dealing with the Association was from San Francisco to Denver. We applied for tickets, and were seized by the Association agent, who bought us two tickets for New Orleans, *viâ* Denver, and other places we wished to visit. On reaching Denver we called at their office and sold the coupons we

did not require at a price fixed by the agent in San Francisco—we saved 7½ dollars on each ticket.

I have the circular of the Association giving the official list of members for 1888. They have offices in 138 towns. The first purchaser gains by the transaction, the agency gains, and the second purchaser gains. Sometimes one ticket will pass through half a dozen hands. All this is so much loss to the companies.

Saturday, November 3rd.—We left San Francisco at 9.30 a.m. for Virginia City. It was a sunny, warm day, but after leaving Sacramento the line rises to a great height, and it got colder and colder, until a heavy snow-storm came on. The porter lighted the stove in the Pulman car, and burnt the evil-smelling coal so common in the States, so that we were almost suffocated, and were thankful to leave the train at midnight at Reno, where we got a bed at the little station hotel, which is quite clean and acceptable.

Next morning we were up early, and off by train to Virginia City, to see the celebrated silver-mines. We expected to have to spend a night there, but luckily met a gentleman in the train who told us we could see everything in the day, and return to Reno. Edward had asked for return tickets, but, being told they were only good for the day of issue, had not taken them. Our fellow-traveller told us they were the same price as the single tickets. In any European ticket office the clerk would certainly have told a stranger of this arrangement, and that the time allowed would be ample for seeing the mines.

The run to Virginia City was very interesting, up hill all the way, and probably prettier than usual on account of the snow which covered everything. It is a district of narrow gorges with rivers running through them which supply water-power for the quartz mills. Virginia City looks as if it had been thrown at the precipitous mountain side, and had stuck on as best it could.

Edward presented his letters of introduction to Mr. Lyman, of the Comstock Consolidated Mine, who settled for us to go down the mine at 1 o'clock, so we went off and had a good lunch at the very unpromising-looking International Hotel.

The descent proved to be a very serious business. First we had to change our clothes for costumes provided by the company, consisting merely of trousers and long blouses of blue serge, cap, thick boots and stockings. The only difference between us was that I wore my blouse outside, and tried to imagine it looked like a petticoat. A thick waterproof coat is worn until the low level is reached, where the heat is very great. We descended 1650 feet, and went through lofty passages nearly all supported by timber. Some of the supports were bent and curved by the enormous pressure of the earth above. They have to be constantly watched and renewed. Our guide pointed out in several places timbers that had been twelve years in position, and become quite hard. We brought away a piece of wood from the 1550 level that is as close and hard as a stone. It is an enormous mine. The last point of interest

visited is the Sutro Tunnel, made to drain all the Comstock lode; it is many thousands of feet long, and contains a big stream.

The Comstock lode was discovered in 1859, and already 500,000,000 dollars have been taken out of it It now yields four millions a year. This kind of mine is not so speculative as the old nugget-finding business. When a lode is discovered it can be tested to a certain extent, as to how far it goes, and how rich it is in metals.

On returning to the upper world we were turned into a luxurious dressing-room at the back of the office, with bath and hot towels, and gladly resumed our own garments. Then we were taken over the works to see the machinery, which differs in several respects from that at the Montana Mine. The Comstock people have an electrical process of separation.

There is no danger in silver-mines from foul and inflammable gases, as in coal-mines; but sometimes the old timbering takes fire. The water is taken off by the Sutro Tunnel, to which each mine pays it share. The water used for the hydraulic machinery is also conveyed away by the tunnel, so that they get an extra fall of 1700 feet.

We had a rush to catch our train back to Reno, but we just managed it, and so we were able to continue our journey by the midnight train to Ogden. We got lower berths in the Pulman car, and slept, notwithstanding the bitter cold. Next day we passed over a perfectly flat plain with a line of hills in the distance on

each side. Usually this journey is very dusty and ugly, but the snow had remedied all that, and though monotonous it was really pretty. Edward saw a wolf cross the line. They abound in that country.

The platforms outside the cars were occupied by Indians, who have the privilege of riding free on this line, because it went through their reservation without paying them anything. They were dressed in the ordinary way except for their hats and that they wrapped themselves in blankets instead of overcoats. We could not induce them to talk.

We arrived at Ogden at 11 p.m., and put up at the little station hotel, just in time to secure the last bedroom. A lady and gentleman who followed us had to take a sitting-room. Next morning we left Ogden at 9.40 a.m., arriving at Salt Lake City at 11 a.m. We saw the Lake from the train, and, not far from the city, we passed some boiling springs, so close to the Lake that the railway had only just room to pass between them. There is a great bathing establishment on the Lake, which was closed for the winter. In summer great numbers go there for the salt-water bathing. The country between Ogden and Salt Lake City is well cultivated and covered by herds of fine cattle and horses.

We went at once to Walker House Hotel, which was very stuffy and disagreeable, quite a third-rate house. The Walkers were formerly Mormons, but have left the church ; still I was surprised to see on sale in the hotel hall, tracts and pamphlets abusing the Mormons, and

insulting photographs, and Mrs. Stenhouse's book. There is said to be a new and better hotel, called "Cullens."

Edward had a letter of introduction to Mr. Young, a son of Brigham Young, but he was away, so another eminent Mormon, Mr. B., and an old gentleman, Mr. A., one of the early believers, kindly took us to see the tabernacle and other objects of interest. The tabernacle is an immense building remarkable for its roof, 250 feet by 150 feet, in one span without any other support than the outer walls. The architect was Brigham Young, who invented the plan in the night, probably it was revealed to him in a dream. Wreaths of evergreens put up ten years ago still decorate the roof, because it was found they improved the acoustic properties of the hall, which seats 8000 people. We were taken to the gallery opposite the platform to hear a pin dropped in a hat, and the keeper whisper to us across the whole building. Both sounds came clearly to us, but I noticed that when he spoke aloud, the voice seemed blurred as it were, and the words were not distinct.

Mr. B. stated that every Sunday 25 per cent. of the whole population attended service in the temple. A lady told me that nothing can equal the miserable faces of the women of the congregation.

The unfinished Temple close by is a splendid edifice of white granite. This is to supersede the present Endowment House, if it is ever finished, and all the secret rites, to which Gentiles are not admitted, will be performed there, such as baptisms, marriages, &c., which

they call the ordinances, so it is cut up inside into small apartments, which is a pity. The architecture is heavy, but imposing.

From there we went to the Gardo House, a very common-place villa, built for himself by Brigham Young, who did not live to occupy it. Our guides told us he meant to have "invited" his favourite wife Amelia to live with him there, and two rooms at the back of the house had been specially fitted up for the mother of his eldest son. The other wives would have remained over the way, at the Lion House, I suppose, with the numerous gables. We thought at first there was a gable for each wife, but that could not be the case, for there were only nine or ten gables.

The Gardo House is not worth visiting. The man in charge told us that, a few days before our visit, a lady tourist came alone, and asked to look round. He showed her into the drawing-room, and then addressed her thus, "Madam, how is it that you, a lady, dare venture thus alone into the power of a family of Mormons, of whom you have heard such dreadful accounts? Are you not afraid to come here, where there is none to help you?" The lady, no doubt thinking him mad, for he looks a complete lunatic, made at once for the hall door and fled.

Mr. B. then drove us to Fort Douglass, the United States military station, from which there is a beautiful view over the city and plains to the mountains, now finer than usual with the newly-fallen snow.

On our way back to the hotel we passed a polling

station, which reminded us that the Presidential election was going on. Utah not being a state, the election was only for local officers and the representative to Congress, who has not the same rights as a state representative. We stopped to see how the polling was carried on, and were allowed to go right into the booth. In California no one is allowed to go within 150 feet of it, except for the purpose of voting.

This was the process :—There are five election judges who correspond to our returning agents, and are nominated by the Government, but one must belong to the minority party. These five men sit at the back of a counter, on which are the ballot boxes. No one else is allowed there by the law, but, as a matter of fact, there were two others, one a policeman. By the ballot boxes are piles of small envelopes. The voter receives his voting-paper, which is printed, from the political agents, and brings it with him, and puts it into an envelope he takes from the pile, gums it up, and puts it in the box. There is no writing, no mark, no number of any kind, to distinguish one vote from another, so no scrutiny is possible. It seemed to us that there would be no difficulty in manipulating either papers or boxes.

Mr. A. was not allowed to vote because he was known to have two wives, though on account of his great age, he is not molested by the Government, who are now punishing polygamy by imprisonment, and have about 400 Mormons locked up. The President himself is in hiding. The difficulty seems to me to be that, legally, the Mormons are not married at all. They only go

through their mysterious ceremony in the Endowment House, which I suppose has no legal weight.

During the drive I tried to have a little talk with Mr. A. about Mormonism, of which I knew absolutely nothing. My aim was to discover the important doctrine differing from other churches founded on the Bible, which induced the Mormons to cut themselves adrift from the rest of the world. Mr. A. could tell me of none. "Our principles," said he, "are all contained in the Gospels."

He preferred to tell me his own history. He is now over seventy years of age, and is evidently a man who would have fallen a prey to any religious excitement; he is the type of the religious fanatic. Mormonism happened to be the religious craze of the day, so he plunged into that. He came to Salt Lake City in 1852 from Manchester, accompanied by his wife, who was also a convert. Such was their haste to reach the promised land, that they started within a short time of his wife's confinement, which took place on board ship, and of course the baby died. As soon as they reached New York a child sickened, but they did not stop for that, on they went, and it died on the way. Leaving the poor little corpse unburied in the dead-house, they hurried on, and another, and then another child sickened and died, so that of seven children they lost five on their way to Zion. Mr. A. seemed to think this greatly to his credit, and that our Lord would be pleased that he had sacrificed his children. I did not like to remind him that Moloch was the god who liked to have

children slain on his altar, but I did say that I should have thought God's curse was on the journey, and I should have hurried back at once. It was useless to ask for information why he did all this, he would continue his autobiography.

On arriving at Zion, his wife gave him a second wife, and they have "lived like sisters together, bringing up their families side by side." He had had seventeen children. I noticed that Mr. B., who was talking business with Edward, kept one eye on us as soon as religion was mentioned, and he often interrupted the conversation.

Next morning he called and offered to answer me any questions I wished to ask, so I asked if polygamy was an essential point in their religion. He said belief in it was, although not 10 per cent. of the Mormons practised it. A man must obtain permission from the President himself, and must show that he had means to support two or more families, and also that his character entitled him to the privilege. I reminded him of the projected settlement in Canada, where they had undertaken not to practise polygamy; he said they "would only take one wife to Canada, and leave the others in Utah."

They believe that Joseph Smith was inspired, and that their elders are inspired, not always, so as to be infallible, but occasionally, which must be an uncomfortable state of things, for who is to decide when a prophet is inspired and when not? Then he wandered off into vague talk about their belief that God was in

the wind and the sunshine as much as in miracles, and that they could put no limit to His power, they could not say that He should no longer inspire men as of old. Evidently he was not going to tell us anything serious.

We visited the celebrated Co-operative Stores, which only appeared to differ from the Civil Service Stores in the curious particular, that prices were not marked in plain figures. I understand that the profits, which must be very large, go to the elders or shareholders, not like the real co-operative stores which divide them among the purchasers.

We went to the museum, a small place belonging to the Mormons, where they treasure a scrap of satin damask from the furniture in Windsor Castle, a bit of guimp from the Tuilleries curtains, an iron stove presented by Brigham Young to the first lady who became a plural wife, and other odds and ends.

I found a picture representing an angel in the usual white robes and wings, but with a beard like a prophet, and a man kneeling before him, so I asked for an explanation, which the keeper of the museum gave me fully. It was a portrait of the angel Moroni, or Mormon, who told Joseph Smith where to find the golden tablets of the Books of Mormon. The original picture was drawn from the description given by Smith and four or five others of the original Mormons who saw the angel. I did not know before that there had been an angel in the case, but the old fellow told me that Moroni was a prophet who lived in America A.D. 400, and wrote a book in strange characters on

golden tablets, and buried it and died, apparently without doing anything particular. The book remained hidden until Joseph Smith found favour in the eyes of Moroni, whose angel appeared to him and pointed out the place of burial. Smith dug up the golden plates and translated them, and then the angel, with true American economy, took back the precious tablets. I began to laugh at the absurd tale, but I found that it really is part of the Mormon creed.

I found at the Walker Hotel a little paper giving the Thirteen Articles of Faith of the Mormon Church :—

"ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

"1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.

"3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"4. We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.

"5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by 'prophecy, and by the laying on of hands,' by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz. apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, &c.

"7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, &c.

"8. We believe the Bible to be the Word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the Word of God.

"9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

"10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisic glory.

"11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.

"12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honouring and sustaining the law.

"13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to *all men;* indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, 'We believe all things, we hope all things,' we have endured many things, and hope to be able to

endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

The tenth article is very curious, and must be taken from the book of Mormon. There is surely no text in the Bible that can be twisted into a reference to America as the inheritance of the chosen people.

We left Salt Lake City on the 7th of November, and travelled with a gentleman from the Eastern States settled in Utah, and his mother, who had been on a visit to him, and they told us a good deal about the Mormons. Putting aside, as manifestly untrue, the horrible tales current in Salt Lake City, where of course there is a great deal of friction between the Gentiles and the Mormon population, there remains quite sufficient to show that they are very undesirable members of a nation. They will not allow the ordinary laws of the country to govern them. Their object is to be a community to themselves, governed by their own officers, or, as they say, the Church, which consists of the President and a body called, I think, Apostles. These men claim and obtain absolute power over the mass of the Mormons. If any disposition to rebel is shown, immediately an elder has a revelation which of course all believers are bound to obey. Formerly stronger measures were used. Officers called Destroying Angels would shoot down offenders in the streets, and it was on this account that Uncle Sam built Fort Douglass and keeps a whole regiment there. Even Mr. S. said that Salt Lake City would be more

prosperous if it were not that there is a constant fear of the Mormons doing something violent.

The Mormons are still sufficiently in the majority to keep the City government entirely in their own hands. The young men are allowed to mix with the world, but the girls are kept in, and are taught that their only salvation is in marriage. The Mormon women are said to be very immoral, even Amelia, the Prophet's favourite wife, having sunk to the lowest depths. In families children cling to their own mothers, and are jealous of the other wives' families, so that there is great bitterness and heart-burning, and polygamy would die out of itself were it not that the heads of the church hold to it, as a means of fixing members they fear to lose. Our informant told us he had a friend who refused to go on a mission, thereby exciting the suspicions of the elders, who compelled him to take a second wife, much against his inclination.

Several important members have left the body, notably the Walkers, who provided for all their wives, and returned to decent life. The tithe, which is levied from all the community, is a stumbling-block to many. The large sums raised are paid to the Church, and are never accounted for, and it is the general belief that they go into private pockets, and that the Temple will never be completed because it forms a good excuse for the disappearance of the funds. It was commenced about 1850.

Polygamy is said to be more common in the country than in Salt Lake City itself. Peasants marry several

wives, not because they want wives, but because they want field-labourers. A gentleman told us he had been in a hovel near Provo, where an old man lived with two wives and six grown-up daughters, two of these women, half-sisters, were to be married that week to a neighbour, as old as their father, who only wanted them to work on his farm. Rich Mormons, we were told, bought farms in different parts of the country, and established a wife on each farm, who managed it for her husband, he going to visit her when it was time to collect the profits.

It was three o'clock (November 7th) when we left Salt Lake City, and shortly after crossed a pretty little stream called the "River of Jordan." Our train was three and a half hours late, said to be a most unusual thing on this line. A broken axle on a goods' train had delayed the San Francisco express.

It was a brilliant starlight night and Castle Gate looked wonderfully grand. It is a bare rock sloping a little on one side, but perfectly perpendicular on the side fronting the railway, and quite on the edge of the line. It is 400 to 500 feet high, and only twenty to thirty feet broad. I believe there is a similar-shaped, but smaller, rock opposite. Some years ago a sailor, who was working on the road as foreman of a gang of plate-layers, undertook to go up it and plant the national flag on the top. It was considered an impossible feat, but one morning he went there with his gang, who were delighted to assist him, and somehow he got up and fulfilled his promise. The flag-staff is still there, but of course the flag has been torn to bits by the wind.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is the most uncomfortable line we came across in our travels. The food in the buffet car was uneatable. There was actually only one egg on board. The berths are very uncomfortable on account of the narrow gauge. I tried an upper berth, but could not sleep. The cold was intense, as the porter let the fire go out. About five o'clock I got up, and took refuge in the first-class carriage, which was very warm.

Luckily, we got an excellent breakfast at Cimarron, and then, warmed and comforted, we settled ourselves on the platform at the back of the carriage to enjoy the grand scenery. The much-advertised observation car did not put in an appearance. It was a very fine sunny day, the snow five or six inches deep, and the cold so great that the Gunnison river was frozen quite across in several places, though it is a rapid stream.

As the train was so late, we arrived at the Black Cañon in broad daylight instead of at 5 a.m. We were disappointed with it. It was fine, but not equal to our expectations, but Marshall's Pass exceeded them. It is glorious. The train winds up the mountain-side for about two hours through magnificent scenery, all the grander for the covering of deep snow. As we emerged from every snow-shed, we could look down on the road we had just travelled, and sometimes we could see it double three or four times. The Ouray mountains form the background, and are seen from so many different points of view, that we could hardly believe it was always the same range. Many other fine moun-

tains, whose names nobody knew, completed the picture. At the top of the Pass there is an immense snow-shed, in which the train halts for examination of wheels, &c., before commencing the descent, which is very steep, with many sharp curves. Everybody got out of the train, and marched about. The other passengers were much amused at my pocketing a splinter of wood off the shed to take home as a souvenir. One gentleman "guessed" he would take a rail home. I believe we were the only tourists in the train. We were fortunate in having a very pleasant conductor over this part of the line, who told us which way to look for views. The run down hill was very fine. The second engine, that had helped to pull us up, ran some way in front of us to make sure the line was in order. We could generally see it on the zigzags of the line running in the opposite direction to what we were going.

We arrived desperately hungry at Salida, where we found an excellent dinner. A German-American young lady called her father's attention to the energy with which we attacked the roast turkey. She was quite shocked by our voracity, but she had been living on the fat of the land at Salida for some days, while we had hardly had a well-cooked meal since leaving Vancouver.

Again we put on all our rugs, and settled ourselves to brave the cold at the back of the car for the sake of the grand Cañon of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge. It was very cold, very smoky, and very dusty; but the scenery was worth the discomfort. The cañon is very pretty—the rocks come close to the river, and are very

steep and grand, and broken into fine shapes; but the Royal Gorge is overpowering. It is worthy of the Canadian Pacific, it is so sternly grand, the rocks so lofty and precipitous. There is only just room for rail (a single line, narrow gauge) and river; indeed in one part the road is actually suspended over the river, and the colouring was very fine. The sun was in the west, and did not shine straight down the cañon, but caught a peak here, a boulder there, bringing out the rich red of the granite. This again is worth all the trouble of the whole journey. It is sublime.

Daylight just lasted long enough for us to see all the cañon. Soon after leaving it dusk came on, and we saw no more. We arrived at Colorado Springs about 7.30 p.m, and went to the Antlers Hotel, which is stuffy, badly managed, and the food wretched.

The excitement about the Presidential Election was very great everywhere. It was practically certain that Harrison was elected, although all the returns were not in, and his supporters were shaking hands and crowing lustily. Unfortunately, the man in charge of the luggage was a Republican, and showed his joy by pitching the boxes about wildly. The unfortunate Democrats were regretting not only their defeat, but their lost bets. A brakesman on the train had lost his gold watch, which he had staked against four silver ones, his thirty dollars overcoat just bought for the winter, his coat, hat, and shirt.

We met that day a curious example of American manners. When Edward went to the Pulman car

lavatory in the morning he found three railway-men at their ablutions. They brushed their hair with the Pulman brush, and they used the Pulman soap and towels; the passengers had to wait until these men had finished.

Friday, November 9th.—We took a carriage and drove first to Manitou, a pretty village just at the foot of Pike's Peak. Here we tasted natural soda-water from the great spring, and then drove on to Ute Pass, as far as the Rainbow Falls, a nice little waterfall, which may catch a ray of sunshine for about five minutes during the day. The pass is a pretty rocky defile. From there we went to the Garden of the Gods, 500 acres of waste land with remarkable sandstone rocks. The most ordinary shape is the mushroom, the head being a different kind of stone from the stalk. The Tower of Babel, Jupiter, and the Cathedral are very large rocks. Unfortunately the Cathedral spires are not on the Cathedral, but some paces off, as if they had been brought there ready to put on when the Cathedral was completed. The Cathedral forms one side of the Beautiful Gate, and the Sentinel the other. After passing through it, we looked back on the wonderful scene. The sun was on the Gate, making the red sandstone rocks glow, and through them, as if in a frame, were the beautiful green slopes leading up to the snow-covered Pike's Peak. The sky was intensely blue. Altogether the combination of form and colour made a perfect picture. Close to the red Cathedral is a curious white rock.

We drove on to Glen Eyrie, where our driver assured us there was nothing to see, so, as we foolishly believed him, we missed the curious rock called the Major Domo. The drive back from Glen Eyrie is over a curious, natural embankment, from which the views, towards the mountains on one side, and over the immense plains on the other, are very fine.

Colorado Springs is a great health-resort—people come even from England. The air is so pure, dry and bracing, that people who settle here in good health, merely for business purposes, find it difficult to live anywhere else afterwards. We heard of a case of consumption stopped by the wonderful Colorado climate, but the poor fellow was obliged to remain there for the rest of his life. In the summer invalids go up to the parks, which are said to be very beautiful. The skies of Colorado are famous for their beauty, and certainly we have seen none finer except at Biarritz, where the sunsets are unrivalled. After making some purchases of the handiwork of the Navajo Indians, who live somewhere in the neighbourhood, we took the 4.10 p.m. train for Denver, passing the small Palmer Lake and the Castle Rock, which is very handsome, on the way, as well as many of the curious rocks of Monument Park. We arrived at Denver frightfully hungry ; but owing to the hotel boy, a mere child, telling us that dinner went on until 8 o'clock, we reached the dining-room just too late, and could get nothing but supper. Why so large an hotel should stop dinner at 7.30 is a question I recommend to the consideration of the director who

sent us there. Supper is a most disagreeable meal. We made a considerable disturbance. We interviewed the manager, but could not even get a plateful of soup. The Windsor is a good hotel, with exceptionally stupid and careless clerks, even for America.

Saturday, November 10th.—Fair, but very cold. We walked about the town, which has grown rapidly to a very fine large city, and bought some buffalo robes, which we had been searching for all our journey. They used to be very plentiful and cheap; but now all the buffaloes are killed, and the shopkeeper, an Englishman, named Taylor, said he did not expect he should get any more. We got also another Navajo Indian blanket. It is said the women stretch the warp from one tree to another, instead of in a loom.

After dinner we went to a friend's rooms, opposite the hotel, to see the great triumphal Republican torchlight procession. Before leaving the hotel we had the pleasure of hearing a performance on the drum by Major Hendershof, known as the Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock, accompanied by his son on a big drum, and a stout party on the flute. It was the first time we ever heard the drum as a solo instrument, and we were delighted with it. They came with the Leadville Republican Drum Band, which marched into the large hall of the hotel military fashion, and gave us several tunes. The favourite national air in the Northern States is "Marching through Georgia." It was always a great satisfaction to me to find that though the Northerners hate us much, they hate the South still more, and the

South have a very lively contempt for Northerners. Ireland and England are bosom cronies compared to the North and South.

The procession came up the main street, and turned along the cross street, and, as our friend's rooms were at the corner, we saw it splendidly. It took an hour and a half to pass. The procession was a curious mixture of politics and advertisements. First came, as part of the procession itself, two platoons of police on large white horses, then the Pioneer Corps Old Guard, a most exclusive club, which never exceeds twelve members, and wears bearskin hats and magnificent uniforms. Then came an unhappy democrat, who, in fulfilment of a bet, had to walk in the republican procession carrying a banner inscribed, "I am of the spoils"; he was enthusiastically cheered. Then came, according to the newspapers, a number of generals with their "aides" and staffs, colonels, majors, and commodores without end, probably all decent shopkeepers of Denver. Then clubs in quaint uniforms carrying banners with amusing inscriptions, "Grover, Grover, did you ever get left?" "Grover, Grover, get out of the clover." "Please pass the crow to Grover." This refers to a celebrated banquet in Chicago. Bets were made by twenty-four gentlemen that they would dine together after the election, and the twelve victors should feast on snipe, while the twelve vanquished should each consume a roast crow. Grover is Mr. Cleveland's christian name. Carts decorated with banners and lanterns came at intervals, sometimes entirely commercial, as, "Ask your

grocer for Bluine;" sometimes wholly patriotic; sometimes a judicious mixture, as "Celebrate our Victory with Heidsieck's dry champagne, importer (name and address followed). The principal milliner had sent out a car with all her young ladies on board. A favourite emblem was the rooster, especially perched on the top of a broom wrapped in the national flag. Several carts contained men throwing fire about and fireworks. When they passed we had to shut the windows. One club called itself the "Devil's Own Crew," and was led by his Majesty. Many leading merchants of Denver rode in the procession. There was a coloured contingent, which is not a usual feature in republican demonstrations as the negroes are mostly democrats. Of course, there were several bands of music, and many amusing devices. On the following Monday at noon, there was to be another procession, which unfortunately we did not see. Several democrats had, in fulfilment of bets, to wheel victorious republicans in barrows down the main street. There seemed to be no end to the bets on the election, not only jokes like this, but money bets. A lady in the hotel had won a large sum through a New York broker in the ordinary business way.

There is a great deal to see round Denver by excursions of two or three days, but the weather was too cold for that kind of thing. In Denver itself there is little of interest. A gentleman took us to see some smelting works, which were interesting, and afterwards drove us round the residential part of the town, where there are many good houses and fine churches. Denver is the

handsomest and most prosperous-looking town we saw after leaving Chicago, which it excels in beauty of situation. The long range of snow mountains in the distance is very fine.

Monday, November 12th.—We left Denver at 7.30 a.m. by the Fort Texas and Fort Worth line for Trinidad. We did this to escape a night in the cars, and also to see the country by daylight. We had reluctantly given up the Silverton excursion, on account of the snow. We were getting a little tired, too, of cañons and passes, and perpetual railway journeys.

The run to Trinidad was very beautiful. The Spanish Peaks and the Sangre de Christo range are well seen, and the grand Pike's Peak is hardly ever out of sight. The view from the top must be very extensive; but, unfortunately, we were six weeks too late to make the ascent, which is not difficult and is made on "burros," i.e. donkeys. Many Spanish words have got into the American language in the old Mexican provinces. The Grand Union Hotel at Trinidad was very dirty, and the food quite uneatable, but nobody ought to omit visiting Trinidad on that account. It is wonderfully well situated. A river runs through the middle of the town; on one side is Fisher's Peak, a mountain with a remarkable rock at the very top, shaped like an anvil, and on the opposite side are smaller hills, on one of which is a monument to the earliest pioneer, after whom it was named Simpson's Rest. Fisher was also one of the first settlers. The town appeared to be growing fast, and could boast already some large works and fine houses,

but the old town is Mexican, with adobe buildings and curious beehive-shaped ovens in front of the houses. There are coal-mines close to the town, so coal is only one dollar per ton, while in San Francisco it was twenty-two dollars.

Tuesday, November 13th.—We were five minutes late for breakfast, so could not even get a poached egg, though it was only nine o'clock. We took another walk round the town and then came in and sat in our bedroom. Next door was the public sitting-room, which had been let to some travelling dentists. We smelt the ether, and heard the groans of the victim through the closed doors, and then the encouraging remark of the dentist, "All right, they are all out!" All!!!

By-and-by the porter came and said we must leave our room, it was let, but we might sit in the public room with the dentist, if we liked. We did not feel equal to that, so we went out again and walked to the station, buying six lemons for twenty cents on the way. We begged a glass of water, and astonished and amused the grocer very much by squeezing a lemon into the water and drinking it. It was quite a new idea to him. The glass was very dirty, but then everything in Trinidad was dirty. The streets were full of dead cats, dead rabbits, old hats and boots, bones, and tin cans.

We left Trinidad at 12.35, and were very glad to get a good dinner at Raton. We had a very disagreeable journey of twenty-seven hours to El Paso. The scenery is desolate and ugly, plains of sage brush, scrub and sand, with low hills in the distance. The only amuse-

ment was watching for the prairie dogs, of which we saw numbers sitting on their burrows, which look like very large ant-hills.

The car was very uncomfortable. Several passengers had their food with them and ate on board, a most objectionable practice, as the smell of food pervades the car, instead of meal-times being used for ventilation. I suppose it is economical, but it is dirty. There were two dreadful children on board. One, a puny, miserable-looking baby, that cried and moaned without ceasing for over twenty hours. At last I suggested to its mother she should retire to the ladies' lavatory with it for a time. "Ah!" she said, "I don't think it would do baby any good." "At any rate," said I cruelly, "it would be a great relief to the rest of us." Curiously enough, that baby ceased its lamentations and behaved quite well the rest of the way. The other was a fine merry boy, who would have been capital fun anywhere else, but he made a dreadful noise and played horses up and down the car with his nurse. His parents had taken the drawing-room, where they enjoyed peace, and left Friedrich in the car for our benefit. The sun was blazing, but the hot-water pipes in the car were kept too hot to touch all day, as if it had been very cold.

The cattle we passed looked very thin and weak; often we saw dead cows lying about, and often heaps of their bones. It has been a very bad season, no rain for eighteen months, and, therefore, no food for the cattle, which are entering the winter season in very bad condition. If it prove severe, the loss will be great.

El Paso is a pretty, prosperous little town, with a hideous new court-house, a very fair hotel, called the Grand Central, and large smelting works. Ore is brought in great quantities from Mexico, as well as from the States, because it is easier to work a mixture of different ores, than all from one mine. There is a heavy import duty on metals, but none on ore.

A tram-line, the only international line in the world, took us to Paso del Norte, just across the frontier. We visited the old church of adobe, or sun-dried brick, whitewashed. Inside, the church is very quaint, with a fine roof of semi-circular carved beams. There were many shops selling Mexican goods, and the whole place looked foreign, and the people dressed Mexican fashion and smelt of garlic. The Mexican Central Station is a very fine building. This is an English line. Americans never build handsome "depôts," as they call stations.

We left El Paso at 4 p.m. on November 15th, and had our luggage examined by a gorgeous person with a tall sombrero and a pistol, and no end of silver braid and buttons. He was perfectly polite and pleasant, as we found afterwards is the universal custom of Mexicans. Our plan had included visits to Chihuahua and Zacatecas; but Mr. Mackenzie, of the Mexican Central, advised us not to stop there, because it would be very cold as they are on very high ground, and the hotels are poor, so we went on to Quérétaro. We found Friedrich on board the Pulman car, but he behaved better, being perhaps rather tired. Chihuahua looked very pretty from the train; it is two miles from the station. The country

was much the same as in New Mexico as far as Zacatecas. We arrived there at 8.20 a.m. on November 17th.

Zacatecas is a great mining centre, and worthy of a visit. The mines are close to the line, so that we saw in one place horses trampling the ore, and in another we saw water being drawn from the mines in raw-hide buckets. It is said that labour is so cheap here that machinery does not pay. The town is surrounded by lovely hills and deep ravines, and is full of fine churches. From Zacatecas to Mexico the country is very pretty, and sometimes exceedingly beautiful. We spent all the morning at the back of the car. We reached Aguas Calientes, a very pretty place, about noon, and had a good meal there. The vegetation was a great delight to us. Every now and then a new plant appeared, first rare, then gradually becoming common. First came the magvey or aloe, a single plant here and there, but later there were great fields of it, as it is cultivated largely in Mexico. Then we caught sight of an "organ cactus," first a few spikes at long intervals, later on great hedges of it. The hills are finer as one gets south, and more varied in their shapes. We admired a curious bell-shaped peak, but could not learn its name. At Encarnacion there is a high trestle-bridge worthy of notice. At Silao we got a poor dinner, the only bad meal on the road.

The railway-station appears to be the favourite lounge of the people. Many bring baskets made of straw and horsehair, gloves, sweets, fruit, and other little things, to sell to the passengers. The "dulce de Celaya," a mix-

ture of goats' milk and sugar, nicely flavoured, is very good.

There was a guard of soldiers at every station, who, if not useful, were very ornamental. After the long years of war, first against the Spanish Viceroys, then amongst themselves, and then the American and French invasions, numbers of men who had been soldiers took to the road as brigands, and plundered the trains and coaches, especially those carrying bullion. President Diaz took the matter in hand, and it is said that now the last highway robber has been shot.

The people are very good-looking, with the blackest hair and eyes, the whitest teeth, and the most picturesque rags ever seen.

We left the train at Quérétaro at 10.35 p.m., after a journey of fifty-four and a half hours. We had telegraphed for a carriage, which met us at the station, and off we went in the dark, until we pulled up at a *porte-cochère* carefully shut and bolted. It was the Hotel del Ferro Carril. Our driver knocked hard until some one came, and they had a long conversation together before we were admitted. We then found ourselves in a small court-yard surrounded by a building one storey high, no light, except the lantern of the man who had admitted us, and the glorious stars. The man rushed off for a key, and showed us into a long, narrow room, with no window and tiled floor. He unrolled a hearth-rug, and put it by the bedside, and then rushed off again for the sheets and blankets. It was too small a room for two, so he had to fetch a second key and

more blankets. Everything was very clean, but the mosquitoes took care we did not sleep. Perhaps, too, we were rather excited at finding ourselves at last in Mexico. People always pulled long faces when we said we were going to Mexico, and advised us to carry revolvers, and described the natives as nothing short of ogres, who spent all their time robbing and slaying the unwary traveller. The Americans cling particularly to these opinions; and, strange to say, the Mexicans have an equally bad opinion of the Americans. Often Mexicans have said to us, "We knew at once you were not Americans; we love the English." This dislike of the Mexicans to the Americans no doubt is caused mostly by the war, and partly also by the objectionable Americans who, having made their own country too hot to hold them, take refuge in Mexico, much as the English used to take refuge at Boulogne.

I have travelled a good deal in Europe, but I never met so pleasant a people as the Mexicans. Not only are they courteous to strangers, but to each other. Their politeness is Castilian, and their kindness quite Yorkshire. The merry fellow in rags that would disgrace a scarecrow, pulls off his hat to greet his lady friend whose chemise, petticoat, and reboso are not worth sixpence altogether. They have no awkward feeling of inferiority because you are richer than they, nor are they the least presumptuous. In short, they are thoroughbred, if such a term means anything. They have only one fault, they are dirty, which is not surprising, as water is so scarce that it is difficult often to get enough to drink. At one station on the line the women were

actually waiting with large jugs to get water from the tender of the locomotive, it was so difficult to procure in the neighbourhood.

Sunday, November 18th.—We rose early, and having found our friend of the night before, made him understand that we wanted breakfast, so he took us through another court and into the dining-room, and gave us a very good breakfast. The coffee came in a tea-pot and the milk in a watering-can, and we drank it out of tumblers, and the waiter talked Spanish to us, which we did not understand, and we talked English to him which he did not understand, so we were very merry and enjoyed our meal immensely. Then we found the landlord, a courtly old gentleman, who had served under Maximilian and knew some French. He got a carriage for us and told the driver where to take us. It was a closed carriage, so we both perched on the seat by the driver, who was much amused and chattered away in his own tongue, pointing out all the great churches, &c. We admired his sombrero, so he stuck it on my head to see if I looked well in it.

First we went to the Cerro de las Campanas, or Hill of the Bells, where Maximilian and the two Mexican Generals, Mejia and Miramon were shot. Three small stone columns mark the spot; railings and brass plates have disappeared. Maximilian is generally regarded as rather an interesting person in England, but in Mexico they knew him too well, his cruelty, his vanity, and his weakness. His history was simply this. Being over head and ears in debt, and having quarrelled with his brother, the Emperor of Austria, he accepted

the throne of Mexico, knowing well that it was only offered him by a faction. He bargained that he must have a handsome sum of money down, 3,000,000 dollars, with which he paid off the mortgages on his favourite residence, Miramar, and other pressing debts. Maximilian landed in Mexico on May 29th, 1864, and managed, by the help of the French army, under Bazaine, and the church, to keep up a kind of court in the city of Mexico; but the nation would not accept him. Juarez, the great President, never ceased to exercise authority, although once driven by the French as far as Paso del Norte. On October 3rd, 1865, Maximilian signed the decree, that in future all prisoners taken in arms against him should be shot as traitors, although at the time two-thirds of the country were in arms against him. Under this law, which he and the Empress Charlotte signed in a little boudoir off the ball-room between two dances, men were shot in cold blood after the engagements, sometimes twenty or thirty, sometimes hundreds at a time. When the American Civil War was ended, the United States put pressure on Napoleon to remove his troops, which he did willingly, seeing what a hopeless, never-ending contest it was.

After Bazaine's departure Maximilian took refuge in Quérétaro, which, after a siege, was given up to the national army, and he was made prisoner and executed on June 19th, 1867.

It is said that Juarez would gladly have spared him, but the widows and orphans of the poor fellows murdered in obedience to that terrible Law of October 3rd, com-

pelled the President to do justice. Since then the Republic has been firmly established, and the country has progressed rapidly. The present ruler, Porfirio Diaz, was one of Juarez' generals. His brilliant military exploits did much to dishearten the French, so Bazaine tried to induce him to betray the great President, and become ruler himself, but Diaz was not that kind of man.

The view from the Cerro over Quérétaro and the neighbourhood is very lovely. The brilliant colouring of sky, verdure, white buildings, and tile-covered domes of churches, all shining in the delicious sunshine, the large haciendas or country-houses outside the town, and the lovely hills which surround it, made a glorious picture. A more unlikely place to stand a siege could not well be found, as the hills command it on all sides. From the Cerro we drove back to the town and through the picturesque streets, past Santa Clara, Santa Rosa and other fine churches, to the cathedral where a great service was going on, so we could not walk about. I went to the front and knelt among the worshippers, and received the blessing, and was asperged with holy water from the altar, but Edward was too severely Protestant for that, so he did not see the inside of the cathedral. Then we visited the Town Hall and saw the coffin in which Maximilian was first placed, and the stools with handsome satin cushions, but no backs, on which Mejia and Miramon sat at their trial. There was a portrait of Maximilian, a poor weak silly face. The Town Hall was a very nice building with large rooms. The

driver pointed out to us the windows of the room the Emperor occupied during the siege, and also the windows of the room in which he was afterwards imprisoned in a convent. We visited another church in which were some curious wooden images, and then, as the driver seemed to think we had seen everything, we went back to the hotel and hunted up the landlord to ask him where we could buy opals. There are plenty of people about who come up to strangers and offer opals for sale, but they are poor things, just like cornelians.

The Mexican opal is not like the stone we call opal. There are some very like it, but they are not good. The best are red stones, transparent, with green fire, which when good are beautiful, but we never found a good one on sale. We saw two or three very fine ones worn by the owners. Then there are some that look like drops of water when held in the hand, and show all the prismatic colours, but these are too delicate to use. The colours would not show at any distance. There are yellow ones, which look like cairngorms, until the light catches them, and then they too show all colours. We were directed to a dealer in a back room, upstairs, in an ordinary house, nothing to show a dealer lived there. He had nothing really good, but we bought three at five dollars each (15*s.*), the Mexican dollar is worth only 3*s.* We then returned to the market-place, which was full of people, as Sunday is their market-day. There were fruit, rough but very pretty pottery, vegetables, meat, and other useful things on sale; but what astonished us was the quantity of

toys, tiny jugs and crockery, little wooden things, tiny baskets of all shapes, the sweetest little things, which we were delighted to buy for a few pence, but what could the natives do with them?—and we were certainly the only strangers in Quérétaro. I saw many people in the poorest attire buy these things. It was new to us then, but we soon found that in Mexico, "Il n'y a de nécessaire que le superflu."

The natives never think of wasting money on clothes, anything does for clothes, an old sack is not at all an uncommon garment, but they buy ices, toys and cakes freely. It is the climate that does it, the delicious sunshine that is itself food and clothes, and makes mere existence a pleasure. There was fruit on the stalls that we never saw or heard of before, and as the good folks saw we did not understand the language, they ate them to show how good they were. It was great fun going round amongst them, they were all so merry, and jolly and friendly. Wherever we went a lad followed, trying to sell us a paper of small opals—we had bought one from him still embedded in a bit of rock. I was so lucky as to pick up a very old Spanish coin in good condition. It had been used as a hat decoration, and the owner wanted to change it for a modern quarter-dollar. He was offering it to a stall-keeper, who did not like the look of it, so I stepped in and made the exchange. I found I had really cheated the poor fellow, as the landlord told me it was a good old coin, and he would be glad to give me a dollar and a half for it.

We were very sorry to leave the market-place, but our train started at 11.35 a.m., so we went back to the hotel, and paid our very modest bill, and thanked the worthy landlord for his kindness. The lad with the opals was still with us, so the landlord bargained with him, and we bought them for about a third of what he first asked. Then we went to the station, where there was the funniest lot of people waiting to see the train come in. If it were not for the Atlantic Ocean we would certainly spend all our winters at Quérétaro.

There was no Pulman car on the train, but the first class was very comfortable, with only a few gentlemen on board. On leaving Quérétaro the train passes under one of the arches of the immense aqueduct, which is two miles long. The water is brought altogether five miles to supply the city. The first station is for the Hercules Cotton-Mills, a most important factory, and worthy of a visit. There are now many cotton-mills in Mexico which are very prosperous. The Indians (as the natives are always called, though they are not in the least like the Red Indians of North America) make very good workpeople, so long as their wages are paid regularly. If the wages are not forthcoming on the proper day, they are frightened at once, remembering how it was in the old unsettled times before the Republic was firmly established. The scenery was exceedingly pretty, and at every station there was an amusing crowd of merry picturesque people selling fruit, &c., or just begging. We got a capital dinner at San Juan del Rio. We just got a glimpse of a large

church at Tula, but could not see anything of the Aztec remains, and unfortunately we never returned as we intended, to see this interesting old place. Daylight just lasted long enough for us to see the wonderful Tajo de Nochistongo, an immense ditch, commenced in 1607 to open a way through the mountains for the superfluous waters of the great Mexican table-land, which have no natural outlet. At first a tunnel was made, but that was perpetually coming to grief in one way or another, so it was finally decided to make this immense cut, which was completed in 1789. The greatest width is 630 feet, and its greatest depth 196 feet, and its length 67,537 feet. The railroad runs along the side of it, about fifty feet above the stream.

This great work did a good deal to drain the country, but there are still floods every year, and new works on a very large scale are being carried out at present. After passing through the Tajo we had a very fine sunset, and then a large round moon came out, but did not give much light, so we saw no more until we reached the city of Mexico at 7 p.m. Having been told that the Mexicans were great thieves, we were astonished to find that it is usual to hand over one's keys to a baggage collector, who passes the boxes through the Custom's-house and brings them on to the hotel. We had put a bag of money in a trunk, but nothing was missing. A bag of money sounds like great wealth, but it takes very few dollars to fill a bag, and even in the States one meets with little gold, some notes, but principally silver. In England one goes out shopping

with money in one's pocket, and brings home one's purchases in a cart, but in the States one goes out with one's money in a cart, and returns with the purchases in one's pocket—thanks to the heavy coinage and the high prices of everything.

We went to the Hotel Yturbide, where we got a large room looking into a bit of garden with a tank of stagnant water. We had to go through this little garden on our way to the Café Anglais for dinner, as the restaurant in the hotel was closed. In the dim light we saw large creeping things going about in numbers. We picked our way through them carefully, but a Spanish lady passing, laughed at my precaution, and deliberately put her tiny foot on a horrible creature. We saw afterwards by daylight they were immense cockroaches about three inches long and two inches across, flat and black, with either claws or horns like stag-beetles.

Monday, November 19th.—We changed our hotel and got very good accommodation at the new Hotel Jardin, which has a restaurant on the premises. The hotel and the restaurant are generally separate businesses. The food was not very good, but then it was very cheap. Coffee and bread excellent, and plenty of milk. We paid a dollar each per day for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and three and a half dollars for our apartment, which consisted of a small sitting-room and a large bedroom (with two beds) out of it. The hotel is an old monastery, overlooking a large garden. The Hotel Yturbide is a magnificent building, erected in the last century as a private residence, and used as a palace by

the unfortunate Yturbide during his reign of a year. Yturbide was called the Liberator, because it was under his leadership that the long struggle of the Mexicans against the Spanish Viceroys was finally successful. His immense popularity turned his head, and he made himself emperor; but the people have a rooted objection to emperors, so they sent him into exile with a very handsome pension. After a short time he allowed himself to be persuaded to try to regain his throne, landed at Vera Cruz in 1824, was taken prisoner at once, and shot. Since 1855 the palace has been an hotel. We were told of several good restaurants in Mexico; but we were generally tired and glad to dine quietly at home. There was always something we could eat, and we could get poached eggs if we were not satisfied. We probably could have made arrangements with the restaurant-keeper to have fed us better if we had stayed any time.

The Mexican onyx, of which we think so much in England, must be very cheap, for I noticed both in the hotel, otherwise very simply furnished, and elsewhere, that it is used as commonly as marble with us.

The post-office is well managed. Every day a list is fastened up on the wall of letters *poste restante*, and of those insufficiently addressed. After examining the list one goes to the clerk and asks for one's letters, giving the day they arrived. Travellers must take note of a regulation which lost us many letters. After a month all unclaimed letters are opened and returned to the senders.

We had a delightful day loafing about the streets, which are full of handsome shops and wonderful old churches. The cathedral is worthy of the country. It is finely situated on the principal square, the Plaza Mayor, a very large open space with a garden called the Zocalo in the centre, and a band-stand where military bands play daily. The cathedral was commenced in 1573; it was the third church erected on this site, formerly occupied by the great Aztec Temple. It has two towers, from which there is a magnificent view of the whole table-land of Mexico. We loved the cathedral. Whenever we had half an hour to spare during our stay in Mexico we always made for the Plaza Mayor to look at it again, and every time it seemed to be more beautiful.

Tuesday, November 20th.—We went to the cathedral and visited the interior, which is very grand. The main altar is gaudy; but behind it, in the east end, is the glorious altar De los Reyes, all carved woodwork, gilt, and decorated with coloured statues and pictures, in a style named after its inventor, the Spanish architect Churrigverra, who flourished about 1690. Many of the side-chapels are richly adorned. The choir is very grand. Railings of tumbago, a mixture of gold, silver and copper, of enormous value, surround the choir, and make a pathway to the high altar. As we were peering through the doorway at the beautiful carved work of the stalls, a charming old ecclesiastic, evidently of authority, saw us and beckoned to us to come in. We tried very hard to have some conversation, but we could not get

on well, though Spanish is an easy language, very like Italian. He asked us if we had cathedrals in England, and if we were Catholics, and he pointed out the beauties of the cathedral, of which he was evidently very proud, and had the old choir-books opened to show us the splendid illuminated letters and quaint pictures. On leaving he shook hands with us most kindly, and I dropped the best court curtsey I could manage, which I found afterwards was quite the correct thing for me to do.

Mexicans shake hands a good deal. I have seen a servant after bringing his master's luggage to the train, and taking his last orders, shake hands most cordially with him. He was a soldier servant, too, and his master an officer.

People who came to our assistance when we were unable to make ourselves understood always shook hands with us. The upper class mostly know French, and often strangers would stop and ask if they could help us when they saw we were in difficulties.

It is very amusing walking about Mexico, people offer you lottery tickets every minute, and there are delightful little stalls in the streets selling the oddest collection of odds and ends, from amongst which you sometimes can pick up an interesting old coin, or an old painting on copper. Sunday is the great day for these street-sellers, many of whom just spread their wares on the pavement. We often wondered who bought the glass stoppers without bottles, the fragments of brass and iron, umbrella tops, and similar valuables.

We found a nice old ivory figure in a little shop, amongst a lot of things of which not one was worth sixpence. I know well, for I looked into every hole and corner hoping to find another bit of ivory. I never found a good old Spanish fan, though I sought diligently for one. If I found an old fan it was not good—if good it was not old.

Doors and windows are generally open, and one can look in and see the dressmakers and tailors and cobblers at work, and the women making tortillas, the national dish. The tortilla-maker has a sloping slab of granite on four legs and a granite rolling-pin. She takes maize and crushes it without any preliminary grinding, mixing it with water until it becomes a soft paste. This is very hard work. Then she takes up a little bit, flattens it between her hands and pats it until it is quite thin like a pancake, and then it is cooked and eaten hot. Everybody seems happy and jolly, chattering like magpies, and delighted to see strangers. We sat in our window a long time watching a cabman and his wife have their dinner. She had brought it in a basket, and evidently she thought well of it and pressed him to eat, and when the husband had eaten as much as he wished of each dish she finished it. There were several courses, and they chattered the whole time.

Next day we again wandered about the city and visited the Academy, where there are some very fine old pictures, and just looked into the Museum, where the wonderful Aztec calendar stone, stone of sacrifice, &c., are kept. Mexico must have been very rich and

magnificent in the old Spanish times. There are numbers of magnificent houses built round courtyards and decorated with fountains, statues, tiles and carvings. One house, built by the son or grandson of Cortez and La Marina, is entirely covered outside with tiles. The effect is curious and very handsome. The National Bank, the Mexican Railway Offices, and many other places of business occupy fine old houses formerly belonging to great Spanish families. The inner courtyard is still the favourite plan for a Mexican house, no doubt it is cool and pleasant in summer. The carriage is kept in it under the balcony which leads to the upper rooms, and sometimes the horses are groomed there. Plants stand about, and bird-cages, and sometimes a big dog.

There are almost as many churches as houses. It is said that some time ago the church owned two-thirds of all the wealth and land in the country, but as on several occasions they opposed the Republican Government and were found to be conspiring to overturn it, laws were passed depriving them of the power to own land at all, and abolishing convents and monasteries, and confiscating all their property, and forbidding the clergy to appear in the streets in distinctive dress. As the Mexicans are very devout Catholics it was thought the church would win the day, but the people stuck by the Government. Great streets were made right through the old ecclesiastical buildings, and when the priests excommunicated the workpeople who demolished them, they protected themselves by sewing relics and pictures

of saints on to their garments and went on merrily. Often one sees a church turned into a warehouse or a railway station. What seems to me a great pity is that the oldest Catholic Church in Mexico, San Francisco, in which Cortez often heard mass, has been cut up into two Protestant places of worship, and part of the old church pulled down. San Domingo has escaped and is very large and handsome, the altars richly carved and gilded up to the roof, with coloured cherubs and faces introduced—the Churriguerresque style again. Santa Theresa is half destroyed. We never passed a church without looking in, there is generally something worth seeing, and often interesting services were going on with pleasant music.

Friday, November 23rd.—We started early to see the Monte de Piedad, which is on the Plaza Mayor. This is a national institution, founded by the Conde de Regla in 1775 to enable the poor to obtain loans on pledges at almost nominal rates of interest, and so keep them out of the hands of the usurers. At one time it was so highly thought of that family jewels and plate were deposited in the vaults, just for safe keeping during the troubled times, but President Gonzales having seized the funds and, some say, part of the property placed there, its credit was gone. It is now recovering from the blow, but there is nothing of any consequence in the vaults, as they are called, though they are upstairs rooms. Pledges remain unsold a year, then if interest is not paid on the loan, they are brought out, valued by specialists and put up to auction. If the price is not

reached they remain a month exposed for sale in the large room on the ground floor, then the price is reduced and they are again put up to auction. This goes on until they are sold. Things go very cheap, but I never saw anything of real value sold there. We picked up a few little things cheap, but now there are so many dealers looking out for jewels, and so many English and American residents ready to buy curios, that things do not remain long unsold if they are really interesting. There are numbers of private pawnbrokers as well, who sometimes have very nice things to sell. We were told that the Mexicans have no prejudice against pawning their things. If a young lady wants a new ball dress she will pawn a necklace to get money for it. We never passed a pawnbroker without going to see what he had. Luckily for us they had not found out the value of old things, so we generally got what we wanted very cheap.

The flower-market is close to the Cathedral, and is full every morning of lovely bouquets, baskets, and devices in flowers at very low prices. On the other side of the Cathedral is the book-market; there we saw nothing remarkable, but probably that was owing to our ignorance. There were plenty of old books, but not illuminated or illustrated.

From the markets we went to the museum, and went through all the rooms. There are some wonderful pictures showing the progress of Cortez from the coast, said to be the very pictures sent to Montezuma at the time. There is Montezuma's feather-decorated shield,

and ancient Aztec earthenware without end, some of it very elegant, both in form and decoration. The greatest treasure is a small obsidian vase or jug, wonderfully carved with the figure of a man, whose arms form the handles. There were some of the masks of different materials which puzzle antiquaries so much. They can never have been either useful or ornamental, and as the Spanish conquerors utterly destroyed every Aztec book and record, there is no means of finding out their purpose. In the gallery on the ground floor of the museum the Government has collected all the principal statues of the gods and great carvings, for fear they should be exported on the sly. Luggage leaving the country is always examined to prevent passengers taking any antiquities. The statues of the gods are all hideous; the most celebrated, the idol Huitzilopochtli, is evidently only a collection of attributes.

Teoyainiqui, the goddess of Death, and Chac-Mool, the god of Fire, are human figures. All the names are guess-work, and antiquarians differ among themselves about them. There is not a single beautiful figure; all are curious and many grotesque, but the decorative work is very fine. The feathered serpent, supposed to represent the god Quetzalcoatl, is really fine. This god, it is said, was believed by the Aztecs to have descended from heaven to live among them and teach them agriculture and many useful arts. After a time he left them and went into the mountains, bidding them keep alight the sacred fire until his return to reign over them, when he would come from the east on white wings.

Tradition described him as of a fairer complexion than the Aztecs, so when Cortez arrived from the east, a fair man compared to them, they took the white sails of his ships for the white wings, and many refused to fight against him, believing him to be Quetzalcoatl.

The Stone of the Sun, or Calendar Stone, is covered with beautiful carving, said to be hieroglyphics, very Egyptian in style. The Sacrificial Stone is decorated round the circumference, but the top is almost plain, with a hollow in the centre and a channel from it to the edge. This is said to have been for the blood of the human sacrifices; but if the thousands of victims we read of were really slain on this stone, is it not strange that there should not be the slightest stain on it?

As we wanted to finish all the "sights," we went on to the National Palace on the Plaza Mayor, where there is nothing of note except the picture of the "Cinco de Mayo," the battle on the 5th May, 1862, when the Mexicans, under General Zaragoza, obtained their first success over the French, so it has been ever since a great day with them. We were stopped by the guardian and shown into a handsome apartment until the governor's permission could be obtained, and after waiting some time an elegant little officer appeared, and deeply regretted that owing to the governor's absence we could not visit the palace. We explained that all we wanted was to see the picture. Not even that could be allowed, so we departed; but as we went towards the staircase, we saw an open door and we walked through it and found ourselves in the Hall of the Ambassadors, with

the throne and the famous picture. We did not admire it very much after all. Then we went back to the Cathedral to visit the tiny Chapel de las Animas, which is embedded in the Cathedral. No one knows its origin, but it has been there for over 200 years.

We wanted to see the mint, and as La Mineria seemed a very likely translation, we walked to it, but found that was the School of Mines. The secretary kindly sent a man to show us round. He took us into the geological, astronomical, and mechanical rooms, and to the top of the building for the view. All Mexican roofs are flat. Then he took us to the library, which is in a fine old chapel. The altar had not been removed, but was used as a table, although the sacred pictures were still there. A young gentleman was busy with the plans for draining Mexico, which is always flooded after rain, being only very slightly higher than the Lake Texcoco. The streets were full of water, and many drains burst after a moderate rainfall during our visit; but in the rainy season, August, September, and October, the water in the streets is often two feet deep, and men make money by carrying people across them on their backs.

The young engineer kindly showed us the plans and explained them in French. There is to be a long canal going through the three lakes, and then a tunnel, conveying the water through the hills to the north of the city. Once through, the water is to be allowed to find its own way to the sea. Some people think that if all the water is drained away it will interfere with the foundations of the city and bring down some of the buildings.

After seeing so much, and as it was two o'clock, we felt we deserved our lunch, so we went back to the hotel and asked Johnny, the interpreter, to get us a carriage for the afternoon. Johnny is an amusing little fellow, a Mexican, who was brought up in the American Embassy, and speaks English. He got us a nice little victoria, one dollar per hour.

First we came to the Alameda, a pleasant, shady garden, where people walk on Sundays. At the back of it is the Plaza de Morelos, with a statue to the priest-hero in the centre, and a lovely old church on each side. Then we went to the Panteone San Fernano, the cemetery where Juarez is buried. His tomb is a beautiful white marble monument by the brothers Islas, Mexicans. It represents Juarez lying dead, supported by a female figure of Mexico, over life-size. It is one of the finest statues we have ever seen. Guerrero, Zaragozo, whose monument bears the inscription Cinco de Mayo, and many of the heroes of the last war, are buried here, and I was surprised to see Mejia's tomb amongst them. Shot as a traitor, he is buried among the very men against whom he fought. The cemetery is very ugly and crowded, part of it under water, and the common folk buried on shelves, as in Italian cemeteries.

We drove to Atzcapotzalco, passing on the way two beautiful bits of architecture. The Casa de los Mascarones, or house of the masks, so called because there are faces amongst the elaborate ornamentation. It is occupied by some poor people who would not let us look

inside. I fancy it was a girls' school. The beautiful façade is quite neglected, even grass growing in the cracks. The other was the fountain of the Fiddling Kings, also very elaborate. There used to be an immense aqueduct here, now half pulled down, taking water to Mexico, and this fountain evidently supplied the little village. No one knows who the Fiddling Kings were intended to represent, or anything about it. We drove past the village of Popotla, with a pretty old church, San Esteban, unfortunately with locked doors, and close to it the immense old trunk of the Arbol de la Noche Triste, the tree under which Cortez sat and wept after he had been driven out of Mexico, July 1st, 1520. The tree is still alive. The tears of Cortez must have preserved it, for there does not appear to be another old tree in the neighbourhood. At the next village, Tacuba, there was another fine old church, also locked up, and a large churchyard surrounded by a handsome wall of inverted arches, which is a common style in Mexico. At last we reached Atzcapotzalco, where, too, the large church was locked up. The wall of inverted arches surrounding this churchyard had a cow's horn inserted in each division, as if for a peg to fasten things to, and on each pinnacle where the arches met there was a statue or vase. The drive was very pleasant all the way, though the cottages we passed were, many of them, very poor and dirty, and the road was all holes and dust. There was a tram-line, the cars drawn by little mules that went very fast. We had to return the way we came.

Saturday, November 24th.—There had been heavy rain in the night, so that the streets were wet and dirty. We went to the Mercado (market) San Juan, where there was nothing interesting, but some way past it we found the lovely Salto del Agua, a fountain formerly the end of the Chapultepec Aqueduct. We wandered through some evil-smelling streets, and found the Collegio de San Ignacio, a beautiful building coloured pink, a favourite fashion here, and very pleasing. Even the Sagrario, which forms part of the Cathedral, is coloured pink.

On our return to the hotel we had a visit from a charming old Spanish gentleman, Señor de Garay, who talked to us for one and a half hours, telling us about Hidalgo, Morelos, and Juarez, for whom he has the greatest veneration. Señor de Garay has great faith in the future of Mexico and in the stability of the Republic. He told us that he had seen curious changes in nature take place here. The year of the cholera in Europe, the swallows that used to come in great numbers did not come at all, and every one said it was a sign of the approaching cholera. The cholera did not come, but the mosquitoes did, and although the swallows have reappeared lately (but not in large numbers), the mosquitoes have remained, and are very troublesome. There used to be swarms of rooks in the neighbourhood, but these have been killed off by the French and other foreign residents for sport, and they too have made an end of the hares which used to be very numerous. Mexicans will not eat hares, believing them to feed

upon corpses. Three years ago, when the electric light was introduced, the enormous cockroaches made their appearance, and although the electric light has only existed three months in Morelia, the cockroaches are appearing there too. They had never been seen before anywhere. A pretty bird, very like a sparrow with a red breast, a sweet songster, now common, is a recent arrival in Mexico. He said several trees and plants grow now freely which were formerly unknown. The best way to make money, he thought, was to buy large haciendas, and cut them up into small farms, and sell to the tenants, or to the people from the neighbouring towns and villages, who will pay handsomely, as all have money saved, and there is a great desire among them to own land. Large haciendas, if away from the railways, can be bought very cheap.

Sunday, November 25th.—In the afternoon we went to the bull-fight, to see the Spanish company. It was a wretched affair. There were three fights going on that afternoon, so the seats were mostly empty. The bulls would not fight, and the men dare not go near them. If the bull turned his head there was a general scamper. At first there was some pretty work with the horses, who were not blinded, and were very plucky. The men kept the bull off and saved their horses for a time, but afterwards they just put them on to the bull to be gored. All the pretty play with the coloured cloaks was beyond the power of these cowardly fellows, and as for the poor bulls, all they asked was to live in peace, and go home to their wives and families. With much

trouble, the first bull was made to understand that he was not among friends, but still he did not want to hurt anybody, so the matador, just arrived from Spain, approached to kill him. A disgusting butchery followed. The matador was so nervous that he dare not go near the bull; but at last he made an effort, and stuck his sword into the poor beast at random, right through his back under the bone. Then he got another sword and tried again. This time the poor thing fell, but it got up again, and walked about two or three minutes. Of course a clever matador kills the bull in a second. The second bull utterly declined to fight, so he was lassoed and taken out. The lassoing was very pretty. Two men came into the ring on horseback and cantered round. Then one of them threw his lasso over the bull's head and one fore foot; as he kicked, the other man threw his lasso over the hind legs, and threw him. After a couple of minutes the man holding his head jerked him to make him get up, while the other man slackened his lasso, and they trotted him out. It was such a wretched show we went away; there was not a bit of skill or pluck in the whole exhibition. We found some Americans also departing, and walked home together. They had been in Yucatan, and had seen the great ruins, and had been much pleased. The American Consul there, who is continuing the excavations, had been very kind to them.

Monday, November 26th.—I dreamt I was at a pig-fight, and, as the sounds continued when I woke, I rushed to the window, and saw three men struggling

with a great fat pig. They had three fat fellows in a cart and three running about the road. The men seized one very fat pig, and staggered under its weight to the cart, into which they hoisted it after great efforts, piggy scolding vociferously all the time. It was better fun than the bull-fight.

After doing a little shopping at Corilla's, the best silversmith, and at the Monte de Piedad, we visited a lovely church called La Profesa, where we found some good paintings and some wonderful silver-work reliquaries framed like pictures. We visited the Mint, and, notwithstanding our ignorance of Spanish and theirs of anything else, they understood that we wanted to see the works, and so they showed us round most politely.

The Mexican silver dollar is a very pretty coin. On one side is the Cap of Liberty in a glory, and on the other side the national crest, an eagle sitting on a nopal or cactus, eating a snake, just as the Aztecs saw it when, on their descent from the north, it was a sign to them that that was the right place for them to settle and build their city.

We found great inconvenience resulting from the recent change in the coinage to the decimal system. The old real, worth 12½ centavos, is still the popular unit of value, and now there is no coin answering to it. Half a real is called a medio, but the new five and ten cent pieces have no individual names. In the country districts the people look very suspiciously at the new coins.

We walked from the Mint to the Plaza de la Concordia, and into the pretty little church El Carmen,

where some ceremony was going on. As we turned from the church door we caught sight for the first time of the glorious snow mountains Popocatepetl and Tztaccihuatl, both extinct volcanoes. We made off to the Cathedral at once, and up the tower to get the full view. It was glorious. All the city, the lakes, the plains, the Shrine of Guadalupe, and the great circle of mountains, all fine, though none equal to the two giants. Everything was clear and lovely. Mexico looks quite a small city, with an inordinate number of churches. Most of them have tiled domes, which look very bright in the sunshine. The straight Paseo de la Reforma, leading to Chapultepec, showed well, but the fortress palace was mostly hidden by the trees. The sunset threw a lovely pink glow on the snow mountains. Iztaccihuatl is called the "White Woman," because the snow-covered part is exactly the shape of a dead woman covered by a shroud. It was a glorious scene.

Tuesday, November 27th.—We got up at 4.45 a.m. and got breakfast at the station, at a stall—very fair coffee, with milk and bread. The train left at 6.30 for Puebla. Our kind friends of the Mexican Railroad had given us a private carriage at the end of the train, and there we sat in comfort, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery. The morning was very cold, but it brightened into a glorious day.

The Mexican Railroad leaves Mexico along the old causeway built in 1676 for the pilgrims to Guadalupe, with fifteen beautiful altars dedicated to the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. About six or seven of these altars are still

standing by the side of the railway. The line runs for some way by the shallow Lake Texcoco, passing Guadalupe, of which we got a good view. Then through the great fertile plain of Apam, mostly planted with magveys, cultivated for the sake of the juice, which is made into pulque, the national drink. We tasted it once only. It looks like thin milk, tastes like something nasty fermenting, and smells like yeast. It is said to be wholesome, and is rather intoxicating. The fibres of the plant are equal to hemp, and are used in many manufactures—thread, matting, &c. The Aztec mounds at San Juan Teotihuacan can be seen from the train.

At Apizaco we found a good lunch, and looking up from its consideration, saw a pleasant, genial, honest face that could only belong to an Englishman. It was Mr. Evans, the locomotive superintendent, who had been informed of our arrival and had come to greet us. It turned out he was an old Midland Railway man, so Edward and he soon found they had many mutual friends. He was married to an English lady, and had lived many years in the country very comfortably. He told us their servants had been with them over ten years. The Mexicans seem to make very good servants, kindly and attentive, and becoming attached to their employers like English servants.

At Apizaco we left the main line for the Puebla branch, which runs through beautiful scenery. Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl on the right, and the snow-covered Peak of Orizaba and the Malintzi on the left, while the countless beautiful churches, large haciendas,

and the rich vegetation make a magnificent foreground. Soon after leaving Apizaco we passed a very pretty waterfall, name unknown. The railroads are everywhere used by the natives as high roads. There are very few trains in the day, and the ordinary roads are very bad, so riders and foot-passengers take the railroad. When a train appears they have to get off the line as best they can. Sometimes they have great difficulty, and have to plunge into thickets or scramble into the ditches. Often they are overtaken and killed. Before we knew that accidents were of common occurrence we used to be very much amused by their difficulties; but afterwards we felt rather nervous. Happily, we never witnessed anything of the kind, but it seems numbers are run over in the year.

We arrived at Puebla at 11.45 a.m. and took the bus to the Hotel de las Diligencias; very comfortable, with good food and pleasant servants.

After lunch we made our way with much difficulty to the Cholula tramway and had an hour's shaky ride to Cholula, passing an old aqueduct in ruins and a picturesque bridge with a fine gateway at each end. The Pyramid of Cholula, once surmounted by a temple to Quetzalcoatl, is now crowned by the church of Nostra Señora de los Remedios. The tram-car stops to set down passengers at the foot of the mound, and then goes on to some distant village. The ascent is by an easy winding road, attributed by some to the Aztecs and by some to the Spaniards. What a glorious country Mexico would have been if the Spaniards had

never come! They knocked down and destroyed everything! The pyramid was once a dense mass of houses in terraces; now it would be difficult to believe it was not a natural mound, except that pieces are broken away and show how it is built up, mostly of lava and concrete. As we strolled to the top a lad followed us with a handful of ancient Aztec earthenware heads, spindle whorls, beads, and obsidian arrow-heads found amongst the débris. We bought them at last for a small sum. I picked a number of bits of arrow-heads out of the cutting made for the tram line. The little heads are a great puzzle to antiquarians. They abound all round the old Aztec cities, and no one knows what they were used for. They are all different, so perhaps it was their way of taking portraits.

The view from the top of the pyramid is very fine. After enjoying it for some time we went down into Cholula and made for a large Gothic-looking church, which turned out to be San Francisco, built in the sixteenth century, and containing a wonderful flat arch —so flat, it is a marvel that it stands. It was undergoing repairs, and so was the Capilla de los Naturales, an immense building erected in 1660 to accommodate the great number of Indians that flocked to the shrine. We were told by a Spanish gentleman that the district of Puebla contains no less than 200 churches! We walked round the plaza and then back to the car, and were jolted to Puebla, but landed a long way from our hotel. Having utterly lost our way, we applied to a young gentleman who was passing, and he actually walked all

the way to the door and then waved his hat and shook hands with us. Unfortunately he only spoke Spanish. It was a perpetual source of regret to us that we could not speak Castellana. Dictionaries are not always to be relied on, as that evening Edward, having looked up blankets, went to the landlord and asked for "blanquilla." Our host consented cheerfully, and sent at once for a couple of eggs!

Wednesday, November 28th.—We went to the Cathedral and spent all the morning admiring it and the wonderful decorations of the interior. The Cathedral is built of dark grey stone with white ornaments, and is large, dark, and impressive outside, but inside all is gorgeous. The high altar, completed in 1819, is very large, most of it being of Puebla marble or onyx richly carved and gilt, and adorned with life-sized coloured statues of bishops. Beneath the altar is the sepulchre of the Bishops of Puebla, said to be very beautiful, but we missed seeing it. The choir is a miracle of inlaid woods, and has old books splendidly illuminated. Every confessional is elaborately carved, and all the side altars rich with ivory figures, silver reliquaries, and fine pictures. It was curious to find amongst all these riches occasional places where, from some cause or other, they had fallen short, so that instead of marble there was the commonest painted wood, and abominable daubs within a few feet of priceless old masters. The sacristy was full of old tapestry and inlaid furniture. Service was going on all the morning, with very sweet music.

After lunch we took a carriage and drove round the

city, which is full of fine old churches. It is said that there is a network of subterranean passages under the whole of Puebla, connecting the churches and monasteries with each other. This is said of many places in Mexico, and that people do not like venturing into them to explore them, when they are discovered by a monastery or church being pulled down. Of course our driver took us first to see the new Casa de la Maternidad, a fine building of which they are very proud, and the Penitentiary, which was in the unhappy condition that the old was pulled down, and the new not yet built, but after that he took us to the church of San Francisco, a very large handsome building decorated inside and out with priceless old tiles as beautiful as gems; some were quite pictures, one tile having on it a design of two birds and several flowers round them, the colouring remarkably brilliant. In this church is treasured an ugly doll with long hair, dressed doll fashion in rich satin and damask. It is the image of the Holy Virgin, presented by Cortez to his friend the Tlascallan chief. We stopped to look at the public laundry. There were two rows of washing-places, with a natural stream flowing between them, the whole roofed over. The women were chattering merrily over their work. We went through the market, where there was the usual display of pottery, fruit, vegetables, and baskets. Often in the markets we saw people selling scraps of cotton materials that had evidently been samples, and we wondered what use could be made of them. Afterwards we saw that they are used to patch clothes. We visited the pawnbrokers, but found nothing to suit us.

Puebla is an exceedingly pretty town, the principal square, in which the Cathedral stands, has arcades on three sides with good shops, and altogether the city looks prosperous and comfortable. We met here a contractor for part of the Inter-oceanic Railroad, who told us he paid labourers thirty-seven centavos a day, and stone-masons seventy-five centavos, and generally had to give them something every night on account.

Thursday, November 29th.—We retook possession of our comfortable carriage at eight o'clock, and started for Apizaco, and from there to Orizaba. It was as usual a delicious sunny morning, and all the big mountains were quite clear. We just caught a glimpse of the Pyramid of Cholula. At Apizaco we had a chat with an English railway official, who had spent nearly all his life in Mexico, and gave the natives an excellent character. We had a very pleasant run through a prosperous-looking country to Esperanza, where a nice young Englishman, Mr. Hollis, road-master on this portion of the line, met us, and told us he had been commissioned by Mr. Shirley, the traffic-manager, to run us down the celebrated incline on a hand-trolly, so that we might see it better than we could from the train. Mr. Hollis had only recently come from England with his young wife, neither of whom could speak Spanish. He took us to see her in their little house by the station, a lonely life for her without a single person to speak to in her husband's absence. Our car went on ahead of the trolly, which is a delightful conveyance. We sat in front, and Mr. Hollis at the back, working

the break, and showing us the points of interest, and generally enjoying the rare pleasure of having English people to talk to. We were sorry to say good-bye to him at the end of the day's journey.

The incline begins at Boca del Monte where we got on to the trolly, and were soon tearing down the incline, slowing for the interesting bits, and often stopping altogether to admire the scenery and the engineering of the line, which are both wonderful and worthy of each other. The line is like a shelf on the mountain side, the gradient in some parts one in twenty, with many short tunnels and some giddy bridges, of which the most remarkable is called by the name of the engineer, "Winner's Bridge." It was a very curious feeling to stop on one of these bridges and look down on to the valley below, much like standing in a spider's web. From the line we looked straight down on to the roofs of Maltrata, in the lovely valley of La Joya, every field, road, and cottage marked as if on a map. About halfway down is a station called Alta Luz. Mr. Hollis told us that women, after offering their fruit and flowers for sale at Maltrata, will rush up a mountain path and be at Alta Luz as soon as the train, to offer their wares again. As we descended flowers became more plentiful. Unfortunately, I have never been able to remember the names of flowers, but I recognized many old hot-house friends. The gardenia grows freely and appears to be a great favourite.

From Maltrata the line goes straight across the valley and then enters a lovely ravine with a stream rushing

through it. The ravine is so narrow that for some distance the line runs on a bridge above the stream. This is the Barranca del Infiernillo, or ravine of the little hell. After that the descent to Orizaba is so slight that we had to get men to push the trolly. At Nogales we passed a large and prosperous cotton factory belonging to Mr. Braneth, of the Mexican Railroad, and a marble quarry and works, belonging to two Americans called Brisbane, who are doing very well. When we arrived at the station we found the landlord of the Hotel de la Borda waiting for us. He is a German with an English wife, and his hotel is exceedingly comfortable and clean, and the food excellent. As it was too late to do much we went to the Plaza, where there is a pretty garden, and to the market-place.

The weekly market was just over and everybody packing up and going to church, so we went there too, and found a large crowd attending the evening service after the close of their busy day, before going home. They were very devout, and joined heartily in the responses.

Friday, November 30th.—We took a carriage and drove over the worst road we had seen, which is saying a great deal, to a wonderful waterfall. We passed through a large farm where we saw coffee, bananas, and many hot-house flowers growing almost wild. The oranges looked lovely in the sun. After driving some distance we left the carriage, and the driver guided us through fields to a point whence we looked down into the loveliest ravine. A stream ran down the centre

between steep rocks, and just opposite us a second stream came leaping down the cliff in a series of falls of great height to join it; one waterfall falling into another. Across the ravine were the beautiful mountains, and all round us trees and flowers, with butterflies and great buzzards flying about, and over all the intense blue sky and the sunshine which maketh glad the heart of man. We stayed there a long time, and our cheery driver danced round us, picking flowers and finding good places whence to see the falls, and generally doing everything he could think of to give us pleasure, as is the custom of this delightful people. We drove back to the hotel by another road passing the lovely old church of San Gertrudis on the way.

We met Mr. Shirley close to the hotel, who said if we would wait another day he would take us down part of the way himself. Of course we accepted with joy. He walked through the town with us and kindly acted as interpreter. We found some nice old Spanish tortoiseshell combs adorned with gold-work and pearls at a pawnbroker's, and a lovely old coral bead and fine gold-work rosary. These we bought very cheap, but I had the curiosity to ask the price of a modern European ring that had been left by some traveller, and I was amused to find the pawnbroker wanted much more than it would have cost new. In another pawnshop I bought some pearls; the colour is good, but they are too badly shaped to be worth much. A great deal of coarse brown pottery is made in Orizaba, often very pretty, and I saw here two twisted glass bottles that a

little more skill and better tools would have made "Venetian." Pottery is made everywhere, and is often very artistic, both in shape and decoration, but is rarely well enough baked to stand packing.

This is the great coffee-growing district. A gentleman at the hotel was buying quantities of it to ship to New Orleans. He told us that his broker had called his attention to a group of Indians who had brought into town eight asses laden with coffee which they sold for 160 dollars. The men were in rags. The broker said this money would be taken home and buried. An Indian never breaks into a dollar. He has no wants beyond what he supplies by his own and his family's labour, and the only purchase he makes is, at long intervals, a straw hat for a few coppers. This has been going on for generations, the secret of the deposit is handed down from father to son, and it is believed there are millions buried in the district. These Indians have a great objection to strangers coming amongst them. It is all very well for the day, but when night draws on they like the stranger to return home, as they are afraid he wants to discover their hidden treasures. In one Indian town the military have had to be called in twice, and use very severe measures, for the inhabitants murdered people who tried to settle among them. An American couple have started a little fruit and flower farm near Maltrata, but we were told they were sure to give it up shortly, so many *accidents* would happen to them.

It is curious how the Indians cling to the manners

and customs of their ancestors. Rich men will send their sons and daughters to be educated at the best establishments, but on their return they have to give up modern dress and ways, and wear the simple and not too burdensome native garb, and carry goods to market for sale.

We spent the afternoon wandering about the town, which is exceedingly prettily situated at the foot of the mountains, with a river running through it, and a pleasant alameda, or public garden, and pretty streets and lanes. Orizaba is the beginning of the hot country, so the vegetation is very luxuriant and beautiful. Mr. Shirley dined with us at the hotel, and told us a good deal about the natives, of whom he spoke very kindly. The Mexican Railroad pay higher wages than are usual because they like to keep their men. At Orizaba they pay 50 cents a day for a labourer, but down in the hot country they pay more, because it is difficult to work in the terrible heat. There is much swampy land on the low level, which is very unhealthy. The line near the coast is said to have cost a life for every sleeper. Out of 1400 foreign workmen, principally from New Orleans, only 250 went home again. This great mortality was mainly caused by the immoderate indulgence of the men in the native spirit, aguardiente, which is very cheap.

Saturday, December 1st.—Unfortunately our view from the trolly was spoilt by rain. Mr. Shirley took us as far as Fortin. About half-way we stopped and walked through a little tunnel by the side of the line into a

beautiful glen. A large river falls about 100 feet, and then disappears underground, reappearing five miles off. It is a lovely spot, and can be reached no other way. Happily the rain cleared in time for us to see the Metlac bridge, which crosses a broad ravine, down which a stream flows, that, until last September, had never been known to be more than two or three feet high. It is a wrought-iron girder bridge carried on cast-iron columns substantially braced together (very like the Crumlin Viaduct in South Wales), and is built on a curve, radius 325 feet, the height is 95 feet. On the night of September 8th there was no rain at Metlac, but a waterspout must have fallen up in the hills, for 30 feet of water came rushing down the ravine, tearing up big trees, and dashing them like catapults against the bridge. The flood broke down 150 feet of the bridge, leaving the rest uninjured. The traffic then crossed this piece on a temporary wooden trestle roadway, but a new iron bridge was on its way from England, and is probably in its place now.

At Fortin Mr. Shirley presented us to Mr. Tomblin, who left England with his brother when agriculture was at its worst, and is doing well out in Mexico. They live with a charming Spanish gentleman, a bachelor, who owns an enormous coffee plantation, which they manage for him, and they all join in coffee buying and other speculations. It must be delightful for Señor Vivanco to have two bright young English fellows to live with him. Mr. Tomblin took us across a couple of fields to their house, and he and Señor Vivanco

received us with the greatest kindness. Luckily our host spoke English well and French like a Parisian. Mr. Tomblin showed us all the process of coffee-drying. When first picked it is put in the sun to dry. We saw quantities on the flat roof. Then it is put through machines which knock off the outer husk and the inner husk and skin. When the inner skin is completely removed the coffee is called "washed." The sorting is not a matter of quality, but of shape. The round berries fetch a rather higher price than the flat ones, because they roast better. Then it is packed in sacks. We were mounted on lovely little Mexican horses to visit the plantations where there are 350,000 coffee-trees, shaded by 3,000,000 bananas. The combination of the small, dark green foliage and the crimson berries of the coffee plant, with the large drooping leaves of the bananas is very pretty. Señor Vivanco lent me his own dear little grey horse, but unfortunately he had no ladies' saddle, and the only thing to be found in the neighbourhood was an old child's saddle, with a tiny stirrup in the shape of a heart, and fastened on to the horse by one strap over a piece of carpet. I believe the horse was ashamed of both saddle and rider, for I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my perch; it could not be called a seat. The Mexican bridle is very easy to manage; the bit is cruel in a heavy hand, but insures instant obedience. The horses are very fresh and spirited, and did not seem troubled by the bits.

Mr. Tomblin said he would bring over some of the Mexican horses when he came to England and exhibit

them. They descend from the Spanish barbs, and are beautifully formed, swift and active, with very easy paces, generally about fourteen hands high. We had a delightful ride, and on our return a delicious dinner, of which I will give the *menu*, as it was the only meal we got in the house of a Spaniard, though we got native dishes several times.

Soup with some kind of paste in it.

Omelette with a sauce of tomatoes and chillies.

Filet de bœuf.

Small gourds cut in halves, filled with some mixture of vegetables.

A Ragout.

Baked puff fritters, very crisp and light, with chilli sauce. Rice cake and custard. Pine-apple sliced in sugar. Oranges sliced in claret. Fruit pastes of all kinds, made in moulds like jellies. French wine and mezcal with the coffee, a spirit or liqueur made from aloes, but not the same kind of aloes that are used for pulque. We brought some mezcal home with us, and also some fruit paste, which is made largely in Mexico. Coffee was curiously served. Cold extract of coffee, made every morning in sufficient quantity for the day, was brought in a decanter, and a little poured into the cups, and boiling water added. Several times during the meal tortillas were brought and placed by each person, some cold and crisp, some hot, all very delicate and very nice. The common way of eating tortillas is to fold them up and use them as spoons, of course devouring them at the same time. They are named on

way, they stopped the works. The great danger lies in the numerous reefs, visible in calm weather by the surf on them. There was a wreck lying to the south of the harbour, a French ship lost in the same storm that destroyed the Metlac bridge. The most amusing feature of Vera Cruz is certainly the zopilotes, or buzzards, who are the city scavengers, and swarm everywhere, walking about the streets and skurrying away on one leg, and with much wing action, when I poked them with my umbrella. They sit in groups on the balconies and housetops, and appear to have a good deal of conversation among themselves. They are the size of small turkeys, and black as night.

Mr. Shirley came for us and took us to see the great fortress. The governor was formerly in the employ of the Mexican railroad, so as Mr. Shirley was with us, he took us round himself and was very polite and pleasant. It is about twenty minutes' row to the island—a very pleasant journey through the shipping congregated there. As soon as we got inside the fort, a number of prisoners surrounded us, offering their handiwork for sale. We bought a good many of their carved cocoa-nuts and two cocoa-nut cups, exceedingly well done and most elaborate. They make them to get a little pocket-money for tobacco, &c. First we were taken to the governor's rooms, and then to the top of a tower to see the fine view of the city and surrounding country, all sand wastes, and the distant hills, and seawards we could distinguish the dangerous reefs on which so many vessels have come to grief.

Then the governor took us over the prison. We visited the kitchen, and saw the food preparing for the prisoners. It smelt very nice. They have two dishes for dinner, one a strong meat soup, with lumps of meat and vegetables in it, the other a savoury mess of vegetables, with oil or fat and a large piece of bread. At breakfast and supper they have coffee, bread, and the favourite national dish, frijoles or beans, without which no Mexican meal is complete. The prisoners wear striped garments. There is no capital punishment in Mexico, but ninety-nine years' imprisonment is the severest legal sentence. We were told that some of the men were there for dreadful crimes. There is a law which compensates to a great extent for the want of the death penalty, that is:—one that a prisoner shall be immediately shot down if he attempt to escape. Prisoners particularly obnoxious to the government are generally got rid of under this law while being conveyed from one prison to another. Men convicted of minor offences are often sent into the army instead of to prison. The present governor of San Juan has done all he can to improve the condition of the prisoners, but the dungeons are beyond his power to make really fit for habitation He has done a good deal by breaking through the immense walls and putting in doors and windows, such as they are, mere slits in the enormously thick masonry. Formerly the only communication with the dungeons was a hole in the roof. The prisoner was let down with ropes, and food and water given him the same way. Light and air there were none, except through this hole.

The governor showed us small dungeons in which political prisoners used to be confined alone. Santa Anna had locked up, or rather buried, Juarez in one. There was no break in the walls, except the hole in the roof. By-and-by Juarez got the upper hand and put Santa Anna in the dungeon, but when quiet times came he forbade the use of them altogether, and most of them were destroyed. We went into the dungeons now used, which are very dark and damp and unsavoury. It is by the light of those bits of windows, or miserable candles, that the prisoners do the fine carving. They soon spoil their eyesight. Very often the prisoners mutiny and try to escape, but they have never yet been successful. Generally a soldier is found to help them, who steals the keys, probably killing the officer who keeps them. He lets out the prisoners and they lock up the soldiers, and try to kill the officers and the governor. There has been one mutiny under the present governor. He and another officer took refuge in the tower, which has a narrow winding staircase, and defended themselves with a handspike. All the other officers were killed, and then forty prisoners got on a raft to go to the land. A cannon-ball sunk the raft, and those who managed to swim ashore were seized as soon as they reached land and shot at once.

In the afternoon we took cars all round the town (for there is no Mexican town without tramways). It was a pretty drive, past the Bull-ring and the old fortifications and many new houses. We had a pleasant evening with the Shirleys, who have a little house

close to the sea, where they bring the children for change of air. Here, again, our ignorance of Spanish was very vexatious, for Mrs. Shirley's jolly little son could not speak English. We spent the night in our carriage as the train started for Jalapa at such an unearthly hour in the morning. Mr. Shirley lent us sheets and blankets, so that we had very comfortable beds, but oh, the mosquitoes!

Monday, December 3rd.—Our untiring benefactor, Mr. Shirley, sent his man with coffee for us just before the train started at 4.30. We got up comfortably, and were ready to change to the mule cars at Paso de San Juan at 6.8.

The gradients are too steep for locomotives to run to Jalapa, and there is not sufficient traffic to make a better line pay. The new inter-oceanic railroad is to pass through Jalapa on its way to the coast. We were favoured with a small car and a pair of mules belonging to the manager of the line, Colonel Thrirkill, and started before the others. There were seven relays, and each time much persuasion, kicking and pushing were required to get the mules harnessed and started. They always wanted to go another way, but once started, they gave no more trouble. It was amusing to watch them jump over the holes, and where the road was bad, from sleeper to sleeper. The line is 54 miles long from the junction, the steepest gradient 8 in 100, and the total rise, 4562 feet. Going up one does not see the country so well as coming down, and the day was misty, but even then the journey was

charming, on account of the beautiful trees and flowers, and numbers of large butterflies and humming-birds with whom we made acquaintance for the first time. There were great lizards eighteen inches long—splendid fellows, quite harmless. Our driver tried to catch one for me as it was rushing into its hole, but unfortunately the tail broke off in his hand. We arrived at Jalapa at four o'clock, an hour before the other cars, having had a delicious Mexican meal at Rinconada, besides excellent coffee and bread at a little refreshment-room at one of the first villages we came to. Colonel Thrirkill met us and insisted on our going to his house, which we did with very great pleasure. Nothing is more delightful on a long journey than to escape from the hotels, and be once more in a well-ordered home, with a friend at the head of the table; and Colonel Thrirkill was the most delightful host. He had been in the great American Civil War, and told us about the desperate struggle the South made against the North, before she was crushed by superior wealth and numbers. Colonel Thrirkill had had an open fireplace built in his sitting-room, probably the only one in Mexico. The fire was delightful as it was cold in the evenings.

We took a walk round the town which is prettily situated on a slope, with a good market-place and club, and one or two churches. The oldest church has been pulled down by the government on the pretext that it was so decayed it was falling down of itself, but I daresay the real reason was that great treasures were said to be hidden there. Many iron pots were discovered

embedded in the walls, but all were empty. The owner of a neighbouring house was more fortunate. Some accident brought a bit of his wall down, and he found a treasure in coin, silver spoons and dishes, &c., worth 30,000 dollars. The pawnbrokers were quite uninteresting.

Tuesday, December 4th.—It rained all day, so the expedition Colonel Thrirkill had planned to take us to Cautepec, could not come off. I enjoyed the fire all day, but the gentlemen ventured out to a tobacco manufactory, employing 600 or 700 hands, where they bought some cigars. Tobacco grows well in Mexico, and is often sold for Havana.

Wednesday, December 5th.—It was a magnificent day but very cold at first, quite a hard frost. We started for Vera Cruz at 6.30, Colonel Thrirkill going with us. The mist had all cleared away, and the immense mountains at the back of Jalapa, the Cofre de Perote and the Peak of Orizaba, looked glorious in the sunshine. On the way down we often got magnificent views as far as the sea and over the surrounding country. On the north a line of hills extends right into the sea, and there is only one path over them to the next valley, and that is so bad that, though mules go over with baggage, it is not considered safe for people to ride. The natives carry travellers up and down on their backs. They are so strong they will run up the steep ascent even when carrying a stout German who owns a vanilla plantation there. This German has become very rich by cultivating the vanilla. It is easy to

grow the bean, but very difficult to dry it properly, neither too quickly nor too slowly. He dries them in blankets by a method of his own.

Colonel Thrirkill pointed out to us by the roadside several trees on which men had been hung for plundering the diligences in the old times. They were hung on the spot where they committed the crime. One tree had had forty-nine men hung on it after a great highway robbery; among them were a man, his five sons and two nephews. After an execution the branch used is always cut off. We asked if he had ever been shot at, he said only once, not by a brigand but by a man he had prosecuted for stealing. He was caught and sent to San Juan d'Ulloa.

A wonderful bean grows here covered with tiny, almost invisible prickles. Boys collect them in quills and amuse themselves by blowing them abroad, in church, or wherever there is a crowd. They enter the skin and instantly cause intense irritation which lasts twenty-four hours. It was suggested we should bring some home to disperse our opponents' meetings at the next general election.

The mules brought us down very quickly, they can do twenty-four miles an hour. The natives are quite as active as the mules. They will leave the junction with the car and arrive at Jalapa before it, going across country and not stopping, like the car, fifty minutes for refreshments.

We had a capital dinner at the Hotel Diligencias, and took coffee in front of the Hotel Universal, and then

said good-bye to our good friends, Colonel Thrirkill and Mrs. Shirley, and once more retired to our car.

Thursday, December 6th.—The train started very early for Mexico, but our man managed to get us a little coffee, and after dressing quietly we got more coffee and bread, both excellent, at Paso del Macho. It was a lovely morning, and the mountains and trees and the Atoyac waterfall, everything was at its best. At Cordova we laid in a stock of fruit at absurdly low prices. A large basket of capital oranges, basket included, 2 reals (10*d.*), 17 bananas also 2 reals, but this price was far too high ; a pine-apple, very sweet and juicy, cost us a medio (2½*d.*), we might have had two for the price but did not want another, and natives would have got three. The granadita is one of the nicest Mexican fruits. It is shaped like an egg with a hard rind, and the inside is like a gooseberry. There were many quite new to us. On one occasion we caused great amusement in the restaurant at Hotel Jardin, by bringing home a fruit that looked like a green hedgehog. After considering it with great interest during lunch, we proceeded to cut it up and eat it, our opposite neighbour chattering to us in Spanish the whole time, It was very nasty, and Johnny coming in just then was called up by our friend to explain that it was not a fruit at all, but a vegetable and should only be eaten cooked. This was what he had been trying to tell us all the time. We had it at Colonel Thrirkill's as a vegetable, and liked it much better.

The day being very bright and clear we saw to

advantage the splendid scenery that was partly hidden by rain on our downward journey. It turned cold before we reached Mexico.

Friday, December 7th.—Professor Gardner came to lunch with us, and told us of a delightful curiosity-shop, where we got some beautiful things, a wonderful old ivory amongst them the like of which has been rarely seen at Christie's. We paid many visits to the funny little shop.

Next day we visited the Castle of Chapultepec. The drive there is very pretty. It is along the Paseo de la Reforma, the fashionable promenade, two miles long and very wide, with trees on each side of the drive, and again at the side of the wide footpaths. There are handsome stone seats, where there were often picturesque groups of natives, flirting or gossiping. At the city end is an equestrian statue of Charles IV., said to be very fine, and further on a beautiful monument to Columbus by the French sculptor, Cordier. In the next glorieta (or open space) is a work by a native artist Jiminez, a monument to Guatimotzin, the last Aztec king, who was tortured to death by Cortez, in the hope that he would reveal hidden treasures. Many heroic legends are associated with his name. This pleased me most. It is decorated with fine bas-reliefs of historical scenes, and at the top is a very spirited statue of the hero in the act of throwing a dart. There are six glorietas, and eventually all are to be adorned with statues of national heroes. Juarez is to come next. It is interesting to note that the native Mexican element is overpowering

the Spanish. Juarez and Diaz both sprang from the old Aztec stock without any Spanish intermixture.

At the end of the Paseo, which is perfectly straight, stands the great rock on which the castle is built. It is divided into two portions, the military school and the palace, which is very commonplace inside, much as if Gillow had been turned in to do as he liked, except the rooms furnished and decorated by Maximilian which are far below Gillow's standard. The views from the broad marble terraces are very fine. It must be a delightful residence. At the foot of the great rock is a magnificent grove of monster cypress-trees, older than history. The grey moss which hangs from every bough gives them a hoary appearance, but they are quite vigorous. A monument commemorates the saddest incident of the American invasion. When the American army marched on Mexico city, they were compelled to take Chapultepec, which is a fortress as well as a palace and a military academy. The cadets turned out to defend the place and fought splendidly, and almost every one of these poor lads was killed.

We drove back to Mexico too early to meet the fashionable world who assemble here every afternoon in closed carriages. So genteel is this promenade that fashionable families, if unable to attend in person, send their carriages with closed windows to represent them. Gentlemen go on horseback, and a Mexican gentleman on horseback is indeed a thing of beauty. He wears a short coat or jacket, tight-fitting trousers, adorned from waist to boots with a double row of silver buttons, large spurs inlaid with silver, which look formidable, but are

really harmless, as the rowels do not end in points, and a large felt sombrero with silver or gold decorations. These sombreros often cost immense sums of money. The saddles are very large, of embossed or embroidered leather, with endless flaps and dangling appendages, and silver ornaments and enormous stirrups. Behind the rider is strapped the bright-coloured serape, hanging down to the level of the stirrups. The beautiful little horses look almost too small for so much splendour. The serape is the national garment for men of every degree. It is about eight feet long and four feet wide, with a hole in the middle to put the head through. This hole is seldom used, it is generally draped across the shoulders. The women of the lower classes invariably wear the reboso, the same shape as the serape, but of thin blue and black cotton. They put them over their heads. Anything more picturesque and less convenient could not well be imagined as there is nothing to keep it in its place. Ladies have quite discarded them, though formerly they had charming silk ones, which are now becoming scarce and valuable.

We went to the Cathedral as usual, and found it magnificently decorated with blue and silver damask, and hundreds of lighted candles, in honour of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. It seemed to be a great social festivity, as we met numbers of bouquets evidently on their way to be presented to friends, and confectioners' boys carrying cakes, as if many afternoon teas were going on. It is a mystery to me why artists do not come out here and paint the glorious scenery

and the handsome people who are wonderfully graceful and picturesque in their bright-coloured rags. It would be such a delightful change from the eternal views of Venice by sunlight, moonlight, early morning, sunset, &c., &c.

Sunday, December 9th.—We went by tramcar to Guadalupe to visit the celebrated shrine. Unfortunately the great church was closed for repairs. The Virgin of Guadalupe is the patroness of the native Mexicans, while the Virgin de los Remedios belongs specially to the Spaniards. The good people seem to look upon them as quite distinct and rival divinities. The reason of the national devotion to the shrine of Guadalupe is that it contains the miraculous picture of the Holy Virgin, presented by her to a native Mexican, while our Lady de los Remedios is merely a Spanish importation. The legend is this :—A poor man called Juan Diego, very pious, was on his way to mass one morning in December, 1531, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and told him to go to the Bishop, and say she wished a church to be built in her honour on the site of an ancient Aztec temple. The Bishop Zumarraga refused to believe his tale, so he went back, and told the Holy Virgin, and she commanded him to meet her there again on the following Sunday. Again she appeared to him and again the Bishop refused to accept his message, unless he could bring some proof that he was divinely commissioned. The Bishop seems to have been impressed to some extent, for he sent people to watch Juan Diego, but as soon as he reached

Monday, December 10th.—We got up at five o'clock, breakfasted at the station, and started at seven o'clock by the National Railway for Toluca. It was a hard frost but the sun soon came out and the day was very hot. We arrived at Toluca at 9.30 a.m. It was a very pretty run. The line winds through the hills, following a stream for some miles, then turning down a more convenient valley, until it reaches the edge of the immense plain on which Toluca is situated. Then it runs along a terrace about 200 feet above the plain and the views are very fine. The plain is as flat as a board, and beyond it rise the mountain and the great snow-topped extinct volcano Xinanticatl.

Toluca is a pretty town, very prosperous-looking and full of churches. There is a calvario on a hill close by, from which one can see all over the plains. All Mexican towers are prettily built, with open spaces and arcades, and stalls selling cheap goods. Pillow lace is made at Toluca very like torchon lace. I got several pieces, but one particular bit I wanted was on the pillow of a woman in the market. She had already made several yards, but it was an order, and nothing would induce her to let me have it. The Church must be enormously rich here. Although there were fine churches at every corner, we saw two new ones in the process of construction, both very important buildings. There is in the church of El Carmen the first organ made in America. It is a queer-looking thing, with the pipes in a box and the bellows outside. We regretted having stopped a whole day at Toluca, for there is nothing particular to

see and our time was getting short. The Hotel Gran Sociedad was very good.

Tuesday, December 11th.—We took the 9.35 a.m. train for Morelia. About half an hour after leaving Toluca we passed the Cerro del Señor, a high hill with a church at the very top, formerly a place of pilgrimage. About one o'clock we came to a real cañon, very pretty, though on a tiny scale compared to those in the States. It twists and turns with the course of the river, and smaller cañons branch off, affording lovely views. All at once the train rushes into the open, and the glorious panorama of the valley of Solis lies before the traveller. After crossing this valley, and through another range of hills, the valley of the Lerma is reached, and for miles the track runs by the side of the big river. Great old trees grow in the water. The province of Michoacan is the richest in Mexico; there are mines of silver and gold, great grazing-districts covered with herds of splendid cattle and horses, much cultivated land, which gives often two crops a year, and in the hotter part there are forests of valuable trees, both for ornamental woods and precious dyes.

Acambaro is the junction for Morelia. Here we had to change trains, as so far we had been on the main line for the north. After leaving Acambaro, and crossing another range of mountains, the third in the day, we reached the valley of Morelia and the beautiful lake of Cuitzeo. The sun set soon after we reached the lake, turning the mountains rose colour and the sky into gold. It was exceedingly beautiful. We reached

Morelia about seven o'clock, and, by the advice of the guard, we took the tram-car and he took our baggage-ticket to give to a cargadore, or carrier, to bring to the hotel. It never came. Hotel Oseguerra was clean and comfortable, but the food very bad.

On our way a fussy little man had attached himself to us, who was the English agent for Singer's sewing-machines in Morelia. He was very kind in helping us, and after dinner he called to take us to see the illuminations in honour of the festival of Guadalupe.

We walked down the street to the fine promenade leading to the Sanctuary of Guadalupe. Strings of coloured lamps were hung across the road, and the promenade and park at the end of it were crowded. We noticed numbers of soldiers in the crowd, for this is the district where the Church and reactionary party have most power, and it is well garrisoned to prevent a rising. The church called the Sanctuary was a blaze of light, and crowded to suffocation.

Close to it is a large open space, where hundreds of people were lying about, and cooking their food or buying it of the many stall-keepers. These were country folk, come to take part in the greatest religious festival of the year. They were going to spend the night there in the open air.

Wednesday, December 12th.—Of course our first care was to look up our box. We found it safe enough at the station, and by-and-by we met the station-master, who was seeking us to take us to the governor to complain. It seems there is a Custom-house officer at the

station, who ought to examine all the luggage that comes in, but rarely does so; only now and then, at long intervals, he insists on visiting a box. Unluckily, ours took his fancy, and nothing would induce him to let it be sent to us. We accompanied the station-master to the governor's, and he made a speech and the governor made a speech, all in Spanish, and we bowed respectfully whenever they pointed to us, and finally shook hands with everybody in the room, and the station-master was satisfied and we got our box; but we had lost a couple of hours over the affair.

Our new friend of the sewing-machines was waiting for us in the full glory of the Mexican costume, spurs, silver buttons, and all. The effect was decidedly marred by a pair of *pince-nez*. He got the keys of the cathedral towers for us, and we went up at once and got a splendid view of the town and surrounding country. Morelia is beautifully situated on a small hill rising out of the wide plain. Though a small town, it is the principal one of the district and has a large market. The streets are straight, crossing each other at right angles, and whichever way one looks there is a glimpse of green fields and trees at the end of them.

The cathedral is large and imposing outside; inside the best thing was the carving of the choir railings and seats and the organ. We visited many of the churches, including the little old church of the Santa Cruz, formerly the cathedral. There was nothing particular in any of them.

The Monte de Piedad, a branch of the great esta-

blishment in Mexico, contained nothing interesting. The two markets were almost empty. There were a few stalls protected from the sun by great straw umbrellas. The shops were closed on account of the feast. Our friend urged us to stay over the next day, which was market-day, to see all the country people come in. We should have liked to do so, but we had seen in the guide-book that the market at Patzcuaro was particularly interesting, and rich in fancy work in ivory and the famous Uruapan ware. We much regretted afterwards that we had not taken his advice. After mid-day dinner we went again to the fine old causeway leading to the sanctuary. It is paved, and on each side is a handsome stone wall with a continuous line of seats. We noticed that the barracks were placed in the old monastery actually adjoining the sanctuary.

There is a pretty garden in what is supposed to be the old Aztec style, with curious stone carvings, and past the church is the fine aqueduct, 100 years old, and a wood with shady walks. The most charming bit of all is the old Glorieta, with a large fountain in the centre and comfortable seats all round. We remained there a long time watching the people, many of whom had brought provisions and were evidently spending the whole day there.

We visited the cathedral once more, and left Morelia at 7.10 p.m. for Patzcuaro, which we reached at 9.15. The only hotel by the lake is Hotel Ibarra, in an old hacienda. It is very dirty and objectionable in every way, ut the journey must not be given up on that account.

Thursday, December 13th.—A very fine day. At 7.30 a.m. we went on board the steamer *Mariano Jimenez*—such a ghost of a steamer, everything worn out and broken and hardly hanging together. For some time we were drenched by the steam from the engines, which poured through every crevice. The captain, engineer, pilot and a third of the crew was a very nice young fellow who lodged in the hotel. We took our lunch with us, a large dish of cold chicken and another of tongue. Unfortunately, the chicken was smothered in garlic and the tongue soaked in vinegar, so we had only the hard-boiled eggs to eat after all.

The Lake of Patzcuaro is exceedingly beautiful, with many islands, and surrounded by hills that at one end are very lofty. There are thousands of ducks and coot, and some gentlemen staying at the hotel had gone out in a little boat to shoot them. To their great mortification they hardly got a bird. Afterwards, the reason for their want of luck was discovered. The natives, who go about in canoes *à la* Robinson Crusoe, just tree-trunks hollowed out, and oars like spoons, have a great hunt every Wednesday. Hundreds of boats come out and act in concert, forming a large circle, to drive all the birds together, then they shoot what they can with a kind of javelin, and form another circle round those that escape the first. They continue this hunt all day, so naturally the birds are very wild on Thursday.

We stopped at a village across the lake, called Sinzunzan, where there is a very old church, with the

oldest and biggest olive-trees I ever saw in the churchyard. We measured one that was thirty feet in girth. Here is treasured a very large picture by Murillo, a gift from the King of Spain when the church was rich and important. It is said that Church, the American artist, offered a million dollars for this great work, which represents the entombment of our Lord, but nothing could induce the natives, who are very proud of their picture, to part with it. When at one time they thought it was going to be sold and sent away, they mounted guard round the church to prevent its removal. It is very powerfully painted, but, so far as one can see in the dim light of the sacristy, it is very dull, sober colouring for Murillo. There was a very early picture in the church itself, with a kind of shutter to close over it and only leave the faces exposed. At the back of the main altar there was some fine hammered silver work, also very old.

On our way back to the boat we entered a cottage to see the pretty common pottery made. The woman made it very rapidly. The clay is red and takes a fine glaze, and they make very pretty, as well as funny shapes, and decorate them with black and white, and scratch designs on them. We bought six pieces for seventeen cents.

After a very pleasant day on the lake we got back to the hotel at 5.30, and had a very bad supper. We afterwards met a Mr. Roberts from New Orleans, conductor on the Guadalahara railway, who had been in this neighbourhood and had learnt that there was a

great Aztec king, named Calzontzin, who had ruled over the Sinzunzan district, buried in the village, and great treasures were supposed to be buried with him. Mr. Roberts and some of his friends clubbed together to dig up his Majesty, and, after going some feet into the ground, the labourers came to enormous stone slabs, which were raised, and under them was found the body of the king, very well preserved, but it fell to pieces as soon as it was touched. There were no treasures with him, and when they wished to dig deeper the Government interfered, so all their money was wasted. Mr. Roberts gave me a fragment of the old king's clothes, two of his teeth, a little head like those we got at Cholula, and some horn rings and one of silver, from chains of rings that were with the body. All these things were taken from the grave. If we had known when at Sinzunzan, we would have visited the spot.

Friday, December 14th.—We set off with our pockets full of money for the Patzcuaro weekly market, of which the guide-book had promised such great things. We found absolutely nothing to buy! It was a large market, but only of fruit, vegetables, matting, common pottery, and imported manufactured articles. A man took us to his house to show us some very elaborate feather-work pictures, large landscapes. They were curious, but very ugly. The colours of the feathers were not suitable for landscapes. We walked the two and a half miles from the lake to the town, as it was a terrible road to drive over, and the only available carriage was broken, and tied up with string in all

directions. The Americans at the hotel charged us strictly not to return after dark, which was hardly likely as we started at 8.30 a.m., and they advised us anyhow to take a gun. One might as well take a gun along the Bayswater Road. A merrier, friendlier people I never saw. They were all laughing and chattering as they passed in shoals along the road, and most of them greeted us, and remarked that we were "Ingles." It was delightful to see how amiable and courteous they were with each other. The way a Mexican dismisses a beggar is characteristic of the people. He does not say, "Go away, you lazy rascal; you ought to be made to work," but he smiles sweetly upon the beggar, and says, "Perdonite, por Dios," ("Forgive me, for the love of God.") The effect is the same, but with less friction. We had a most amusing walk to the town, and on our return the glorious view over the lake made up for the absence of the people. There is nothing in the town specially worthy of a visit, though it is pretty, as all the towns are, and the hotel seemed better than ours. After our return we sat a long time on the balcony of the hotel watching the people return from the market and embark in their primitive canoes for home. Patzcuaro Lake is wonderfully pretty, and well worth the discomfort one has to put up with. Probably a better hotel will be started now that the line is open.

Saturday, December 15th.—We had a starlight walk to our train, which started at 5 a.m. It was very cold until the sun came out. After that the day was delightful. Had it not been for the kindness of the conductor,

Mr. Murray, a Canadian, we should not have got away, for the luggage-clerk said our box had come too late, it ought to have been there an hour before. We had to wait at Acambaro from 10.30 to 4.35. We walked through the very pretty town and visited some churches, the finest and handsomest being San Francisco, which contains two large fine Chinese vases in the sacristy, one converted into a filter. The rest of the time we spent sitting on the benches that surrounded the fountain in the large garden of the Plaza Mayor, watching the people fetch water for their household consumption. All the water is carried by hand. Every town has its own peculiar fashion of carrying water, that is the professional water-carrier. The poor people fetch their own, children often bringing quite large jars to fill that seem much too heavy for them to carry. Each person drank what he wanted before filling the great earthenware vessels of all shapes and sizes. Though we did not see a person in Acambaro who appeared to have a penny to spare, there was an ice-vendor very busy. The cry, "Nieve, Nieve," is rarely silent in Mexican towns.

We got on to Celaya that evening, and put up at Hotel Solis. I think we should have done better at the other hotel; we could not well have done worse. Our room was about twenty-five feet square, and had no window or ventilation of any kind, except the door, which was not very large. The smell was most unpleasant. Edward dragged my bed close to the door, which we left open, so I slept quite well. We walked round the town after supper, and saw some magnificent

churches, one especially looked very fine in the moonlight. The streets were full of people selling fruit and food of different kinds, and each little stall had a light made by a small fire in a brazier stuck on the end of a strong stick. These fires quite lighted up the streets, and made a warm glow on the lower part of the churches, while the cold blue light of the moon illuminated the upper part, and caught the tiles on the domes.

Sunday, December 16th.—Owing to the stupidity of the hotel servant, we were up far too early, and had to wait a long time for our train. We tried to get some coffee at the station, but found it too bad to drink. This is far from the coffee-growing country.

We arrived at Irapuato at 6.30 a.m., and had to wait two hours for the Guadalahara train, so we took the tram-car to the town, which is some way from the station, and tried to get some coffee in the market, which was being held in the great open space opposite the big church, and in the broad, principal street. The coffee was very bad, so we went to the Hotel del Ferro Carril, where we got a very fair meal. It appeared to be a much better hotel than that at Celaya, and is kept by a Havana Englishman. The town is full of beautiful churches, and is worthy of a longer visit than we made. Strawberries are said to be ripe here all the year round. We bought some at the station which were not fit to eat.

The journey to Guadalahara is not interesting, mostly over flat low-lying land. We got a very bad lunch in the middle of the day in a hut made out of old sleepers. The natives crowded round to watch the animals feed,

and peered in through every crack and cranny in the walls. This line is only just completed; it was opened last May, and is a source of great excitement and astonishment to the natives. When we arrived at Guadalahara at 6 p.m., the station was densely packed with well-to-do people, who had come to see the train arrive. Half a mile out carriages and gentlemen on horseback were waiting to see the wonder. We had quite a struggle to get away. We engaged a man to take our box to a cab, but he set off direct to the hotel with it at a tremendous pace, and we had to tear after him, for when one of these men gets a load to carry he runs, and the heavier it is the faster he goes. We were delighted to meet an hotel servant, and set him to pursue the box, while we followed quietly. The dust was dreadful. The hotel was quite good—Hotel Cosmopolita.

Monday, December 17th.—The official in charge of the station lent us one of their people, a Mexican, who spoke English, to show us round and interpret for us. Our first excursion was to San Pedro, along the fashionable drive. Guadalahara is a social centre, many country people have houses there, and come in for the wet season. The self-taught artist, Panduro, lives at San Pedro, and it is also the centre of the pottery manufacture for which Guadalahara is famous. It excels all other native pottery, and is remarkable for its brilliant colouring and decorations in silver and gold. We bought a quantity of it for 25 dollars. Panduro works in clay, but he does not make vases and jars. He makes figures, water-carriers, men on horseback, groups,

tailed. One of the managers was a gentleman who had been rudely treated and struck by a police officer. He waylaid him next day and killed him. He was taken, tried, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. On the flat roof that covers the cells and forms long terraces commanding the courtyards and windows, and quite inaccessible from below, are stationed sentinels with loaded guns, who would shoot down at once any prisoner who attempted to escape, or was beyond the control of the managers. There were only twenty-five paid men in all the prison. Work is done by the prisoners and sold for their benefit. We bought a serape and some fire-fans, and we were shown some wonderful straw work sombreros, that were going to the Paris Exhibition. A charming old gentleman walked round the roofs with us and explained all this.

As we walked back from the prison we passed a very old Spanish church falling to ruins, and also San Felipe, which we entered, and a beautiful old church of the Capuchinas with a fine tower. This is the loveliest object in Guadalahara. After dinner we again went to hear the music on the plaza and found it illuminated in honour of the anniversary of some victory gained over the French by the Governor, whose palace forms one side of the plaza. Another side is occupied by the very ugly modern cathedral with towers like extinguishers.

We noticed several times in the town and in the courtyard of our own hotel, a curious pavement made of bones.

Wednesday, December 19th.—We visited the Orphanage, a large building where a number of orphans are brought up, the girls completely, the boys until the age of twelve, when they are transferred to the School of Artisans. All the children looked very happy and well cared for, and the bright, pleasant young lady who showed us round, told us she had been a pupil and was now a teacher, and knew nothing of the outside world. The children are taught, besides the ordinary subjects, photography, lithography, music, advanced drawing, and the most wonderful embroidery. They were making wonderful things for the Paris Exhibition.

Thursday, December 20th.—Our train left at 8 o'clock a.m., and arrived at Irapuato at 5.20 p.m. Some priests travelled by our train, one, a charming old gentleman, was seen off by about a dozen friends. It amused us much to watch their farewells. Besides much handshaking, they embraced him just like people do on the stage, no attempt at kissing at all, but first the right arm over the shoulder and the left arm on the waist, and then the left arm over the shoulder and the right arm on the waist. There was a lady amongst the friends who took leave the same way, but it was the most delicate, graceful ghost of an embrace, they just touched each other with the tips of their fingers. We took our lunch with us to avoid the horrid meal we had had in coming, and as we got plenty of delicious fruit on the way, we did well. We dined comfortably at the Hotel del Ferro Carril at Irapuato, and afterwards walked back to the station by starlight, joined the express at 7.40, and

were fortunate in getting good berths. We arrived in Mexico at 7.15 next morning, and drove at once to the hotel for breakfast. We spent the whole day shopping and packing.

The plaza was full of booths and hawkers selling sweets, candied fruits, toys of all kinds, and great paper boxes of curious shapes, meant to be filled with bon-bons, and hung up at Christmas parties as a kind of Aunt Sally, to be shied at. When broken, of course the sweets fall all over the floor, and the children scramble for them. Some were ballet-girls, some devils, balloons, fish, and the prettiest of all were ships in full sail. There was a great crowd, and numbers of boys with baskets, anxious to be hired to carry home pur-chases. A lady told me that on the Jour des Morts there was a similar market, but all the wares represented skeletons, coffins, death's-heads, or something pertaining to death or burial. Children were sucking sugar skulls, and the stall-keepers cried, "Fresh skeletons!" She gave me a skeleton ice-seller, wonderfully made in paper, for which she had paid a real.

Saturday, December 22nd.—We walked about the lovely city, feeling very sorrowful that we had to leave it so soon, and might never see the glorious cathedral again. We took the tram-car to Tacubaya, with which we were disappointed, as all the vaunted gardens are enclosed by high walls. We saw the Arbol Benito, under which a holy priest rested long years ago, and blessed it, that it should never lose its leaves, but be for ever green. I am sorry to say it was shedding its leaves rapidly, and

was not green at all; but the fountain which sprang from the ground at the bidding of the priest is still there, so the tale must be true.

Sunday, December 23rd.—Again we visited the arcades, and bought some silver buttons and clasps, and some tiny wooden boots, exquisitely carved by an Indian, who picks up the old boots thrown into the street and copies them in miniature. We went up the cathedral tower again, and admired the lovely mountains that seemed close to us, the air was so clear.

Monday, December 24th.—By the kindness of Mr. Foot, of the Mexican Railroad, we were run down to San Juan Teotihuacan at 9.30 to see the wonderful Aztec remains, instead of having to take the only regular train in the day, which starts about 5 a.m., and would have given us a very long time to wait before we could return. A gentleman connected with the railway, who spoke Spanish, went with us. As there is no inn at San Juan, we took lunch with us, but nothing could induce the manager of the restaurant to lend us knives and forks; he said we might never come back. It was in vain that Johnny reminded him that we were leaving all our luggage in the hotel; he would not trust us. On our return we found him very penitent, and anxious to make friends again. He would come to us at almost every meal, and converse in Spanish in the most affable way, though he knew we could not understand what he said. We were an hour in the train, and then got into a wonderful old carriage that was waiting for us at the station, and drove over a rough road, over big stones and across beds of

streams, all guiltless of water except one, where a little tiny brook trickled down a great ravine that would hold a roaring torrent in the rainy season. This stream was the Teotihuacan, and had a handsome new bridge across it. There were great hedges of organ cactus, and numbers of aloes and prickly pears. We passed a fine old church, much out of repair, and a few small cottages, each guarded by a savage dog. We had to take a long round to get to the Pyramid of the Moon, which we climbed in the heat of the day, and found it a very stiff pull, over loose stones and what had once been a path. The mound is built up principally of lime, concrete, and lava, and soon falls to pieces when meddled with. A large cavern had been dug into the rock to see if it contained any tombs, and a deep hole was discovered, but, having been left for some time, the roof had fallen in and the whole of it was choked up. The ground is covered with bits of broken crockery and obsidian arrow-heads. People came to sell beads, little heads, and such things for a few coppers. Two large carvings offered us were very ugly, and coarse, and indistinct. The opinion of antiquarians is that each of these mounds was crowned by a temple, and the road, still plainly discernible, called the Pathway of the Dead, connected the two, while the immense city was built all round them.

The view from the top of the mound is very pretty and very curious, for the maguey fields are so different from anything one is accustomed to, and have a speckled appearance at a distance. I was disappointed with the Pathway of the Dead, which did not come up to the

pictures of it. It is not a straight road from one mound to the other, it is straight for a long way, but not as far as the Pyramid of the Moon. At the top of the mound is a little altar with a wooden cross.

We scrambled down the other side and soon came to the colossal head forming a table, the whole one block of soft granite about five feet square. There is a gutter across the table, which is supposed to show that it was a sacrificial stone; but there is not the faintest stain of blood. We sat down by the stone to eat our lunch, and soon three friends gathered round us, and shared our meal. One was a man who squatted down beside us, and picked the carcase of the turkey. He found and carefully treasured the tinfoil off our bottle of wine. The other two were children, a funny little boy, and a sweet little girl, who was in charge of some goats. All we gave her she wrapped up in her reboso, and when we asked her where she was going to take it, she said, "A mi Mamma." I tried to get her to eat a tempting little cake, but she would not touch it, all must be taken to mamma. All three had a little store of clay heads and obsidian to sell. By the way it is a mystery how the ancient Mexicans procured so much obsidian. It is not much found in the country, if at all. We had a very pleasant lunch, and were much amused to see how the man refrained from pressing his goods upon us until we had purchased the children's. They were no relatives of his at all. We noticed this good feeling wherever we met the Indians selling things. They never seemed to care much whose wares we bought; nobody ever quar-

relled or tried to get the better of the others. It was the same at the stations, and with the hawkers in the streets.

Many excavations have been made in the smaller mounds, and steps and foundations of houses have been discovered.

We had a rough climb up the Pyramid of the sun and down the other side. The mounds are high, the Moon 150 feet, and the Sun 216 feet, and there is not any road. Then we rejoined the carriage, and made off quickly to the station to catch the freight train, which landed us back in Mexico at 4.15. We had had a delightful day.

Christmas Day.—We could not help feeling a little homesick, especially as the whole of the hotel went to visit friends except ourselves. We had the restaurant to ourselves at dinner. A man came selling strawberries as we were at breakfast, so we bought some for a real, 5*d.*, just to say we had eaten fresh strawberries, grown out of doors, on Christmas Day. They had no flavour. We went to service in the cathedral in the morning, but there was nothing special, and in the plaza the people were busy pulling down the stalls, and taking them away. Evidently Christmas Day is not so much considered in Mexico as in England. Christmas Eve is the special occasion for family parties. In the afternoon we went to Guadalupe, hoping to find the great church open, but it was still closed.

Wednesday, December 26th.—An English firm had lent us their carpenter to help us to pack our purchases, and already he had spent hours measuring and making

boxes, and putting in bits of wood he called "tavolas," to keep things apart. While Edward went off to get money and tickets, &c., the carpenter and I had quite a field-day. We managed to understand each other quite well somehow. He was very intelligent and obliging. At last, after great planning, and fixing, and fitting, and arranging, the fifth box was finished, and the dear man, who had been kindness and patience itself, took the hammer in his hand to put in the first nail of the last lid. "In the name of God," said he reverently as he struck the nail. It took me altogether about ten hours and quantities of cotton-wool to pack the large ivory figure alone. That very morning we secured the little ivory chorister boy we had bargained for so long in the Plaza San Domingo.

Thursday, December 27th.—It was a foggy morning, so we did not see Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl any more, but we got a glimpse of the cathedral towers as we drove to the station to take the Central Railway as far as Celaya. We saw our driver in the crowd that met the train at Quérétaro, and exchanged greetings. At Celaya we only had time to get across from one station to the other, to take the national line to San Miguel d'Allende, where we arrived in the dark, and left next morning before day, so we saw nothing of it, but we had a pleasant evening with Mr. Ferrars, who put us up in his nice little house there.

Friday, December 28th.—We were at the station at 4.40 a.m., only to find the train was two hours behind time. We waited in the station-master's office where there

were five men asleep around the stove ; the conductor on a camp bed, two men on the floor, one on the table, and one on a box. Two more unfortunate travellers soon joined the party. When the train arrived we could not get into the Pulman car because the people had not got up yet, and the first-class was very uncomfortable, being crowded with second-class passengers, because there was no second-class car on the train. It is advisable in Mexico always to take second-class tickets if you do not wish to go in the Pulman car, for either there is no first-class car and all the travellers are put in the second-class, or there is no second-class and everybody goes in the first. This is often the case on American railways, too.

We arrived one and three-quarter hours late at San Luis Potosi, where Mr. Wharf met us, and took possession of us, and made life pleasant for us during our stay at San Luis. There was a great crowd to see the train come in, as there was at Guadalahara, because here, too, the line has only been opened a short time. We enjoyed our visit to San Luis immensely. It was delightful to have pleasant friends to talk to, and go about with. Mr. Wharf was the manager of that branch of the Central Railway, and lived at San Luis with his family, and there was also the engineer of the line to Tampico, Mr. Schmidt and his wife, who were kind to us. The hotel was poor, so Mr. and Mrs. Wharf insisted on our taking all our meals with them, which was very pleasant and home-like.

San Luis is a very prosperous town, increasing

rapidly, and likely to become a large place, as both the National and Central Railways go through it. There are some very fine old churches. The Cathedral is handsome outside, but poorly decorated inside, and the façade of the Church of El Carmen is exceedingly rich, with carved columns, and a very fine tower. Near the top of the façade is a curious attempt to represent clouds in carved stone. There is a very large alameda near the station, and a large market where I bought a napkin, decorated with drawn work, from an old woman's cake-basket. I offered her a dollar for it and though that was quite a large sum for her, she was unwilling to sell because it would disturb her little show of biscuits. At last her friends persuaded her to make the effort. The Plaza on which the Cathedral and hotel are situated is very pretty.

The pawnbrokers were delightful. I got several nice things, amongst them an old carved ivory fan. I asked the man the price, and I understood him to say *doce* (twelve), so knowing that one must always bargain in Mexico, I was just going to say, "Too dear, I will give you ten and a half," when Mrs. Wharf remarked, she did not think two (*dos*) dollars was a high price for it, so I altered my remark, and said, "Too dear, I will give give you one and a half for it." I got it for one and three-quarters. *Dos* pronounced "doss," and *doce*, pronounced "docee," sound much alike.

The next day we spent the same way, roaming about the town and visiting the churches. We saw the people fetching water from a fountain, and while we watched them they completely emptied the basin,

although it was playing all the time. Waterworks are to be constructed shortly to supply the city, by an eminent English engineer. Like Guadalahara, San Luis enjoys a perfect climate, and it is said is becoming quite a health-resort. It is more interesting in itself, and the surrounding country prettier than Guadalahara. The sun comes out day after day with unfailing regularity, and even the wet season is healthy and pleasant. Wonderful embroidery is made in this neighbourhood, especially drawn work.

Sunday, December 30th.—We left San Luis at 9.50 a.m., our kind friends seeing us off. We had a dreary journey through an ugly flat country, stopping perpetually because something had gone wrong with the locomotive; at one time we stuck on a curve for an hour and a half. We got no dinner, because instead of arriving at Saltillo at 7 o'clock, we did not get there until 11 p.m. We went to bed at last in despair, and the porter brought us some black coffee at midnight.

Monday, December 31st.—We arrived at Nuevo Laredo, where we got breakfast, an 9.15. The Mexican customs examination was nominal, and the American officer examined the boxes quite quietly, not upsetting anything.

We felt very doleful about leaving Mexico, which is, of all countries, the most beautiful and the pleasantest to travel in. The pure bracing air and heavenly sunshine make one feel happy and ready to enjoy everything. I never saw a happier-looking people.

Numbers of Englishmen are settling in Mexico, which is full of minerals, especially on the west, while

the fertility of the country is extraordinary. The English get on well with the natives, and find them very satisfactory workpeople, anxious to learn, and not afraid of work. Often the English marry Mexican ladies, who are very pretty and devoted to home life.

Part of the Central Railway having been washed away, the men worked most energetically to get it put right, going on as long as daylight lasted. We asked the contractor what he paid for overwork. "We pay them for all they work over twenty-four hours a day," he said.

We had a dreary journey from Laredo to San Anton. The day was dull and rainy, and the country ugly and flat. As usual, the train was late, so the Southern Pacific train had gone on without us, and we had to spend the night at San Anton. The Menger Hotel is a large second-class house with first-class prices.

Tuesday, January 1st.—The new year came in cold and dull. We started in the morning for New Orleans. We could get no Pulman car until we reached Houston, where a capital dinner was set before us; but we had only time to pay for it, not to eat it.

We arrived at New Orleans early next morning. It is a disagreable entrance like San Francisco; one has to leave the train and go on a ferry-boat. There is some talk of building a bridge to enable trains of all lines to run into the city. The St. Charles Hotel is very good. We had unpleasant, rainy, cold weather all the time we were in New Orleans, which is a dreadfully damp place. The country is perfectly flat as far as

bring thirty of these barges down stream, but the current is so strong that only a quarter of them can be taken back empty. The rest are sold for 25 dollars each for firewood, though they cost 700 to make. We saw, also, the flat boats that bring fruit from Honduras and the hot countries to New Orleans, whence it is sent north by train, and the curious cotton steamers, with the cabins supported on columns, and all the deck covered with cotton-bales. These steamers used to do a large passenger trade before the railways were made. The river itself is only admirable for its great size. The water is muddy, and the banks flat. We were shivering in the cold east wind, and very glad to get on shore and find a cab to take us through the drenching rain to the hotel, where a good dinner soon warmed us.

That afternoon and next day, also cold and wet, we spent arranging for our homeward journey. We found that none of the big boats of any line were running to suit us, so we took a cabin on the s.s. *Fulda*, of the Nord-deutscher Lloyd. We left New Orleans at 5.30 p.m. by the Illinois Central, and after a dreary journey we arrived at Cairo at 6 p.m. next day, five hours late, so it was too dark to see the bridge for whose sake we had come so far out of our way. We reached St. Louis about midnight, and put up at the excellent Southern Hotel, especially recommended in the advertisement as "fireproof," which seems to be a favourite description of anything superior in St. Louis. I suppose conflagrations are common there.

The pride of St. Louis is the fine bridge built by Captain Eads over the great river. The city is very large, smoky, and prosperous, quite new and handsome, and utterly uninteresting.

We left by the 8 p.m. train next day for New York by the Vandalia route, very rough and shaky. When a carriage was added to the train it was done with such force that we thought it was a collision. At Pittsburg we were transferred to the Pennsylvania Central, which is a first-class line. From there we ran at night through a country of forges and coke-ovens, and immense towns flaring with natural gas. It was a fine sight in its way.[1]

Tuesday, 8th January.—We arrived at New York at 8.40 a.m., and had once more the weary business of crossing the ferry, which makes the entrance to so many American cities unsightly and disagreeable. We were busy all day arranging for our departure, and only found time to visit Tiffany's shop, of which one hears so much. We were much disappointed with it. It is like a large bazaar, and though things were very nice, they were no better than half-a-dozen big London jewellers, and there were no large pieces of silver. Things were of the wedding present description. Edward dined with some friends, so I had to go down alone, and to my horror, was placed by the head waiter to do gooseberry at a small table where a gentleman was entertaining a very pretty, sweet-looking girl. He was

[1] The district since drowned by the bursting of the great reservoir.

an author, and she had read his book and they talked literature. "Do you like Tennyson?" "Oh so much. Do you like Emerson?" "Oh yes, I have read everything he wrote. Do you like Longfellow?" As long as they kept to this style of criticism they did very well, but at last they got to Shakespeare, whose Antony and Cleopatra seems to contain the "To be or not to be" speech, in the American version. Then the gentleman struggled valiantly with Antony's speech about an honourable man; he was sure there was something about an honourable man in it, and the lady remarked that Shakespeare was a great friend of her father, and often dropped in to tea. This was too much for the author, so he changed the subject.

As I listened to the conversation going on around me, I gathered that nearly every one present lived permanently at the hotel, which seems to be quite a little social world in itself. Between eight and nine o'clock a number of ladies went away from the hotel, evidently to some kind of entertainment, for they were most expensively and elegantly dressed in bright or very light colours, but with bonnets. I suppose they must have been going to the theatre or concerts. The ideas of American ladies on dress are very different from ours. It is only lately that they have generally adopted low dresses at all, but now they wear them more than we do. A lady who gives an afternoon at home, wears a low-necked dress and so do her daughters, and the young ladies who are asked to help to entertain, but the guests come in bonnets and cloaks. It must

either be very hot for them, or very cold for the hostess.

Wednesday, January 9th.—We went on board the *Fulda* at 11 a.m., and started punctually at noon. Our cabin was very comfortable, and the whole boat clean and well ventilated, the food remarkably good and the servants very attentive. The first night was very rough, and only six passengers appeared for breakfast next morning, but after that we all got quite well, and then it was I learnt the truth of the sailor's proverb about "the appetite of a first-class passenger." The weather was delightfully warm and sunny, and though the sea was very rough, no one was the worse for it of all the 120 passengers. The *Fulda* seemed to be such a little cockle-shell of a boat compared to the *Umbria*, and of course went much more slowly. We landed at Southampton on the 17th January, and reached London at nine o'clock the same evening. Some day, when the new steamers make the voyage across the Atlantic a pleasure instead of the dreary business it is now, we hope to return to sunny Mexico and its merry, courteous people.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S HOUSE, CLERKENWELL ROAD.

255473